The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June, *in the* July *number.*

THE "BOOKMAN" DIRECTORY OF BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

The first issue of the Bookman Directory of Booksellers, Publishers and Authors *will be ready early in May. It will contain*

(1) *A specially made and very full list of Booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Only bonâ fide booksellers are given, and specialities are indicated wherever possible.*

(2) *A list of publishers with, in many cases, particulars of the history and publications of the various firms, supplied by themselves.*

(3) *A list of authors, with addresses. In many cases the private addresses are given, by special permission of the authors.*

The Directory will extend to over seventy pages in quarto, and a copy will be sent post free by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., on receipt of the coupon which will be found on the back page of the wrapper of the present number, and six penny stamps. A special edition has been printed on thick paper, handsomely bound, and interleaved. This will be sent free to all who send, or have sent, seven shillings, the yearly subscription to The Bookman, *to the publishers. It will be sold separately at 3s. 6d. net.*

NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Longmans hope to publish Dr. Liddon's Life of Dr. Pusey in the autumn. They are not able at present to announce any further details with respect to the book, which should be one of first-rate importance.

The death of Mr. John Addington Symonds, which took place at Rome somewhat suddenly on Wednesday, April 19th, will be deeply regretted. Mr. Symonds' long and gallant fight for life, the indomitable courage and resource with which, in the face of all difficulties, he did so much valuable and original work, drew to him a quite unusual regard and affection. He was born at Bristol in 1840, and one of his most characteristic bits of writing, one which we have not seen referred to in any of the obituaries, is the memoir he prefixed to a selection of his father's essays. Dr. Symonds was born at Oxford in 1807. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he mastered the then novel art of the stethoscope, and was one of the first admirers of Shelley. He settled in Clifton as a physician, and was intimate with the Rev. W. Elwin, John Sterling, Francis Newman, Mrs. Strachey, and others who were either resident in the neighbourhood or frequent visitors. He pursued literary studies with much ardour, and was much interested in politics, so much so that many of his professional brethren were anxious that he should offer himself as candidate for the representation of Edinburgh University when it was enfranchised. He had strong individual tastes, and it is curious to read that he disliked the style of Dante because of what he thought its repulsiveness and want of form, and that though a great reader of biographies, he never took the least interest in the memoirs of Cellini or Rousseau, because the revelation of excessive or ill-ordered passion grieved him. This amiable man died in 1871.

His children were Edith Harriet, wife of Mr. C. D. Cave, of Clifton; Mary Isabella, wife of Sir Edward Strachey, Bart.; John Addington; and Charlotte Byron, wife of Professor Green.

Mr. Symonds lived at Clifton Hill House after his father's death, but weakness of the chest made frequent journeys and changes necessary. He gained at Oxford the University prize on the subject of the Renaissance, and was elected in 1862 to a Magdalen Fellowship. This was vacated on his marriage to Miss North. His first published article was, if we mistake not, an essay in the *Saturday Review*, when he was very young, and he continued to be under all circumstances an indefatigable writer. Mr. Symonds was very ambitious of distinction in poetry, but in this field he was less successful than in prose. His books on the Renaissance, Dante, Italy, Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama, and others do not need to be characterised, and his admirable translations of Cellini and Gozzi will live as long as any of his original writings. To "English Men of Letters" he contributed monographs on Sidney and Shelley. The latter leaves much to be desired in exactness, but both are more than respectable. We should not forget his great book on Michael Angelo, the second edition of which he was preparing for the press within a day or two of his death. His latest work, 'Walt Whitman: a Study,' appeared on the day he died.

Under any circumstances, this would be a remarkable record. When it is remembered that for fifteen years he has spent most of his time at Davos, and had to fight against feeble health and restricted access to books, it is amazing. Mr. Symonds was practically the founder of the English

colony at Davos. His first visit showed him that the pure mountain air subdued the worst symptoms of pulmonary sickness and arrested hæmorrhage, and after making several experiments, only to discover that he could not settle down in his own home, he built a house there. His kindness and hospitality are well remembered by many visitors. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who tried Davos with somewhat disappointing results about nine years ago, and many others had the advantage of his bright and stimulating company. Although he looked with some jealousy on the growth of the place, he retained his first impressions substantially unaltered to the last. Much of his happiness was due to the fact that he threw himself into the friendship and life of the inhabitants of the valley, for whom he had a warm esteem. A very pleasant volume, 'Our Life in the Swiss Highlands,' by Mr. Symonds and his daughter, reflects well his cheerful courage and strenuous activity.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has been very cordially received at Sydney. He was made specially welcome by the Presbyterians, and gave an interview to the organ of the denomination. The interviewer describes him as tall and thin, walking with a slight stoop of the shoulders, and indicating by his whole bearing and manner the intense and enthusiastic temperament of the poet.

Mr. Stevenson said that not long ago it was cabled all over the world that he lay dying at Samoa. The fact was that he had a slight attack of influenza, and was ill enough to refuse to see an American who called upon him. His visitor manufactured a sensation out of the incident. The Australians wonder at Mr. Stevenson's choice of a climate, but he finds the warm, moist air of Samoa beneficial. Fog is unknown; he can walk, ride, and take all manner of outside exercise. His house is the highest dwelling in Samoa, standing 700 feet above the sea level.

Mr. Stevenson expresses his approval of the local law forbidding the sale of drink to the natives. He thinks such a law should be universal in the Pacific. When he visited the Gilbert Islands in 1889, on one island the whole population from the king downward was drunk for a week. The scene was disgusting in the extreme. The eleven white men in the island went about in fear of their lives, and had their revolvers handy

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Mr. Stevenson spoke favourably of the missionaries, but regretted that there was a strong feeling of antagonism between them and the resident whites. He thought the tendency of the missionaries was to expect the whites in the islands to come up to a standard too high for them, the old missionaries, Dr. Turner and others, having enforced conformity to rigorous rules among the native Christians. The chiefs in Samoa prefer the Roman Catholic missionaries to the Protestants, for the reason that the Roman Catholics have no native priests, while the Protestants have native pastors who are great men in the eyes of the people.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has been in London superintending the rehearsals of the new Savoy opera, has made good progress with his new story for *Scribner*, but hardly hopes to have it ready in time for publication in the earliest numbers of 1894. Mr. Barrie has finally decided to lay the scene of his story in Scotland.

Bishop Alexander's lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, delivered at Columbia College, in the city of New York, are to be published by Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine, and Co. They were much appreciated in America. Dr. Alexander is indisputably the most eloquent prelate on the bench.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book is to be entitled 'Many Inventions,' not, as announced in a contemporary, 'Many Intentions.' He has received an exceptionally large sum for the American rights, as is fitting in the case of one who is practically an American writer.

Miss Margaret Symonds, daughter of the late Mr. Addington Symonds, has written a volume entitled, 'The Doge's Farm.' It will be published, with illustrations, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Sir Edwin Arnold has been induced to reconsider his determination to take up his permanent abode in Japan. He has decided to remain in England, for the present at all events.

It was only a few days prior to the death of the late Lord Derby that a catalogue of the Library at Knowsley Hall was completed by the printer. The work consists of four large imperial 8vo volumes, and is printed upon beautiful hand-made paper.

Mr. T. Bailey Saunders, the translator and interpreter to English readers of Schopenhauer, is engaged on a translation of a considerable number of Goethe's 'Sprüche.' The 'Sprüche' are among the most interesting things that Goethe ever wrote, containing the gist of his thought on philosophy, science, art, and life. In the selection of the 'Sprüche' on science and on art, Mr. Bailey Saunders has been helped by the advice of two very eminent specialists.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem in celebration of the opening of the Imperial Institute, which appears in the May number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, was, we hear, a free gift from the author to the publishers of the magazine.

The executors of the late Lord Lytton have in contemplation a new edition of his poems, or rather such of them as it was his wish to leave before the public.

Mr. Walter Besant starts for the States almost immediately. Of course he is going as a representative of English authors to the literary congress to be held at the Chicago Exhibition, but on his way he intends to make a considerable stay in the New England States.

Mr. Rider Haggard has just completed a new novel, which, we believe, is somewhat in the manner of 'Beatrice.' It will probably be called 'The Way of the Transgressor.'

The well-known portraits of Lord Tennyson and his friends, by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, will be published in book form by Mr. Fisher Unwin. There will be twenty-five in photogravure, and they are sure to form a particularly handsome and desirable volume.

Mr. William Black is at present angling in Sutherlandshire.

Mr. H. D. Lowrey, of Camborne, has collected some of his short stories from the *Scots Observer* and other journals. They will be published in the autumn under the title, 'Wreckers and Methodists: Cornish Stories.'

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is preparing a book on 'Henry Irving's Twenty Years at the Lyceum.'

Mr. Edward Delille is collecting his 'Studies of Modern French Writers,' which have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* and elsewhere.

'Mona Maclean, Medical Student,' a clever novel by Graham Travers, has passed into a second and cheap edition. Graham Travers is, we understand, a niece of Mrs. Garrett Anderson.

The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, whose 'Foiled' was such a success in the hands of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, has in preparation a collection of short stories.

Mr. Henry Herman's new story, entitled 'Through Golden Fire,' will be the chief feature in the way of fiction in the provincial press during the latter part of the year.

The chief attraction of Arrowsmith's Summer Annual will be a story from the pen of Dr. Doyle. Those who know Dr. Doyle's 'The Song of the Bow' in 'The White Company' will be delighted to hear that he has written a new poem. It will first see the light in one of the monthly magazines.

Mr. William Beatty-Kingston has been engaged for some time upon an English version of Verdi's successful opera 'Falstaff' for the Carl Rosa Opera Company. He has now completed the work, and there is every chance of an English audience hearing the opera in their native tongue before it is produced here in Italian.

Henry Arthur Jones has returned from abroad with new plays, one of which Mr. Beerbohm Tree has accepted. There is, however, not much likelihood of this being produced for some time to come, as there is little doubt but that the boards of the Haymarket will be occupied throughout the season by 'A Woman of no Importance.'

Miss M. Betham Edwards has just finished the second volume of her survey of France, which will probably be issued early in the autumn. By that time she will also have ready a new novel.

Among new books shortly to be published in the Continental edition known as the English Library are Mr. George Gissing's 'The Odd Woman,' and Mr. Harold Frederic's 'The Return of the O'Mahoney.'

ANNOUNCEMENT.—Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have in the press and will shortly publish an important work by Dr. Edward Berdoe, entitled 'The Healing Art: A Popular History of the origin and growth of Medicine in all ages and countries.' There is no other complete English History of Medicine, nor any work going over the same ground on popular lines. The book will be therefore not less interesting to the general reader than to the student or practitioner of medicine. An important and novel feature will be the chapters on medicine from the Anthropological point of view, savage theories of disease and treatment, medical superstitions, charms, and amulets.

Scottish. Mr. John Reid, the author of a bright and graceful volume of Scotch sketches, 'A Chronicle of Small Beer,' is engaged in business in Glasgow. He is one of the members of the Ballad Club, and is well known in City literary circles. His brother, Mr. Arnot Reid, is a journalist, and on one occasion stood unsuccessfully for the Camlachie division of the city. This is Mr. Reid's first book, but he has written many poems, some of which have appeared in *Good Words*.

Mr. Alexander Allardyce, author of 'The City of Sunshine,' has a new novel ready, entitled 'Balmoral, a Romance of the Queen's Country.' Mr. Allardyce is an Aberdeenshire man, but Balmoral is in Deeside, and Mr. Allardyce was born in Rhynie, Strathbogie, the little village made famous by Mackay of Uganda and James Macdonell. Mr. Allardyce has been closely associated with the editorial management of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is a very bright and interesting writer.

A law newspaper is to be started in Scotland under the title of the *Scots Law Times*. It will give reports of decisions in the supreme courts in Scotland, the judgment of the House of Lords in Scottish cases, decisions in the sheriff courts when these are of general interest, and the front page of each number will contain a portrait and biographical notice of a leading member of the legal profession. It is intended to issue from forty-two to forty-five numbers a year, and the publishers will be Messrs. Green and Sons, Edinburgh.

Irish. A collection of the poems referring to Ireland which Mrs. Piatt has written during her residence at Queenstown (where Mr. Piatt, recently transferred to Dublin, has been American Consul for ten years past) will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. It is entitled 'An Enchanted Castle, and other Poems: Pictures, Portraits, and People in Ireland.'

Journalism. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, not content with being one of the most popular authors of the day, the editor of one of the most popular magazines, and a partner in a publishing business, himself is, we hear, about to start another magazine, which will be remarkable for the entirely novel lines on which it will be run.

The *Strand Magazine* and the other ventures of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Limited, are growing at such a rapid rate that the enormous premises which Mr. Newnes recently erected in Southampton Street are already proving too

small for the work to be done. The old offices of the *News of the World* again are to be taken in. Messrs. Newnes, in addition to printing the *Strand Magazine*, have now started a binding department of their own. The machines used are the latest invention of the celebrated Messrs. Hoe.

Mr. Bret Harte has written a new poem for publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

We understand that L. T. Meade will resign the editorship of *Atalanta* in the autumn.

Booksellers. A small catalogue of second-hand books, just issued by Mr. John Grant, Edinburgh, comprising works on the French Revolutionary epoch and the life and times of Napoleon, has occasioned quite a flutter amongst bookhunters. One of this latter class, having bought to the extent of ten or twelve pounds, discovered that there was still another volume dealing with Marie Antoinette which he must add to his possessions. But, on hastening to the shop, he found the book was sold. Who had bought it? Could he have the gratification of seeing it? Yes, he could see it, and handle it. The purchaser turned out to be Mr. Gladstone, who regularly sends in a marked catalogue when tempted by some choice remainders or second-hand books.

The publishing firm of Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C., has been converted into a limited liability company, and will accordingly henceforth be known to the trade and the public under the title of Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited. The reasons that have rendered this step desirable are as follows. The partnership as regards Mr. E. Ward, who ceased to take an active part in the business some years ago, has been terminated by the effluxion of time; and Mr. George Lock's decease occurred in August, 1891. Since Mr. George Lock's death the business has been carried on by Mr. James Bowden and Mr. John H. Lock, assisted by the sons of the late Mr. Lock. The entire capital of the company has been taken up by the partners and trustees, no portion being offered to the public.

American. Mr. Marion Crawford has declared himself a mystic. Speaking of his new studies lately, he said that he owed half his literary success to green tea. It was green tea which wrote 'Mr. Isaacs.' At that time he had no faith in the "astral body," but saw the possibilities of the subject from a story-teller's point of view. Now he would write quite differently. His views may be summarised thus:—

The vast majority of men and women live their lives through and die without ever coming to know their own souls. They think they know them, but they are mistaken. What they know are artificial souls as they have been modified by the influences of heredity, surroundings, education, and other souls not yet incorporated in human bodies. The changes thus produced in the real soul are very inconsiderable, but the original nucleus is always there. All religions are merely the efforts of man to know his own soul. All religions are more or less perfect forms of self-hypnotism. It is when a man is in the self-hypnotic trance as produced by the wise men of India and Japan, that he sees his real soul best. This real soul is called the dominant self and lies latent, a prisoner, as it were, in every human being. It is an exceedingly dangerous thing for a man uninstructed in the processes and precautions of the east to attempt to see his dominant self. It is like letting one of the genii in the Arabian Nights out of its copper kettle; you have no means of knowing whether it will prove to be a good or an evil spirit. None of this is said in jest; the subject is far too serious.

While Mr. Marion Crawford was unwilling to indicate in detail how the self-hypnotic condition may be brought about, he discussed the process freely, and proclaimed that all religions used hypnotism. Thus Christians employed fasting and prayer to bring themselves into a semi-trance condition, in which they have experienced ecstatic visions like as the Brahmins experienced to-day. The Catholic Church, by its monotonous *Ave Marias* and its candles burned on Christian altars attained the same ends. Music and incense were aids.

In the hypnotic trance, Mr. Crawford maintains that the adept not only contemplates his dominant self in the present, but also in the past, and to a limited degree in the future. "They can see the ripples a little ahead." But the words past, present, and future should not be used, as in a trance state both time and space disappear. The soul sees backwards and forwards through many deaths, as through the doors of rooms opening one into the other. The great joy in this state, the only joy worth striving for, is the reconciling of the soul to its memories. Whatever has been wisely done gives peace of mind, whatever has not gives pain.

An adept in a trance state can read the thoughts of another person like a printed page, even though he does not understand that person's language. He can also transfer his thoughts at will, regardless of distance.

Asked about the extraordinary powers which have been ascribed to certain wise men in the East, Mr. Crawford said that these powers really existed. Tigers are faced with indifference in the jungles, diseases can be cured, and life prolonged.

Mr. Crawford cited an instance of the power these men have over disease. It happened to himself in India. He was stricken at one time with a fever, which is often fatal to Europeans, and the best doctors could do nothing for him. It looked as if he was going to die. At the critical moment a high-caste Brahmin, who had shown the rarest devotion for the novelist, came to him and offered his services. "I can cure you," he said, "if you obey my instructions." Mr. Crawford was so weak he could have promised anything, and assented with a feeble nod, whereupon the Brahmin went away and presently returned holding in his hand a round object about the size of a walnut and very hard, which he bound upon the patient's arm above the elbow, using a piece of gray flannel. That same day the fever went away, and twenty-four hours later Mr. Crawford was cured. "I never knew what was inside that piece of flannel," said Mr. Crawford. "I was obliged to promise the Brahmin I would not examine it, and, of course, I kept my word. The fellow assured me that he had had great difficulty in getting permission from his superiors to apply the cure. In such cases they are always unwilling to put forth their powers, indeed they are exceedingly reticent in speaking at all in detail about their religion. They never try to make converts."

All the efforts made to draw Mr. Rudyard Kipling from his retirement during his visit to New York proved unavailing. He refused every invitation to dinner, and was not seen in public places. It is stated with considerable show of authority that he intends to make Brattleboro' his permanent home.

General Lew Wallace, who was formerly U.S. minister in Constantinople, has prepared for publication a book, 'The Prince of India, or When Constantinople Fell.' He is best known as the author of 'Ben Hur,' which had an immense circulation.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has edited 'The Confessions of a Convict,' which will be published with illustrations by the criminal himself.

Mr. Lowell's letters will fill two volumes, and ma y be expected soon.

The New York Press Club Fair, to be held between the first of May and the first of June, promises to be a very successful undertaking. Its promoters have received letters of sympathy and encouragement from many of the best-known American men of letters, and one of the chief features of the Fair will be the sale of copyright works of fiction containing the manuscript autographs of the authors. This department is in the hands of a new publishing firm—Messrs. Tait, Sons, and Company.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has been travelling in Morocco. At Tangier he succeeded in gaining admission to the famous prison. Every stranger is taken to see the outside, but the glimpse of the interior is through a hole in the wall. Two prisons stand side by side, one for the city and one for the country. The latter has nearly three times as many inmates as the former, with a greater variety of crime, petty thieves of the city giving place to the brigands of the mountains. The fiercest prisoner is subdued by the discipline of starvation, no food being allowed. Whoever gets it must pay for it, and men often go for days without food, and are ultimately starved to death. Mr. Davis will no doubt be able to make much of his experience.

Mr. Gunter is the author of 'Mr. Barnes of New York.' Owing to the fact that American publishers as a whole did not recognise the merits of that work when in MS., he published it himself, with what success every one knows. Mr. Gunter has still gone on publishing, his firm being known as the Home Publishing Co. The concern is remarkable in that it only publishes some two or three books a year, and has only, we believe, about a dozen on its list altogether. Mr. Gunter claims that by publishing a few books in this way, and with the distributing machinery which he has established, he can sell more of any volume than any other publisher in the States, not excepting the Harpers, the Appletons, etc. The only English book on Mr. Gunter's list at present is Mr. Parker's 'The Chief Factor,' and of this 12,000 copies were sold on subscription; but as he shares with Mr. James Payn his admiration of Mr. Stanley Weyman's historical novels, he proposes to make his next English issue a volume from the pen of this popular novelist.

RECENT BOOK PRICES.

EDITED BY THOMAS J. WISE.

Our readers will learn with great pleasure that Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the well-known collector and bibliographer, has undertaken the editorship of our Notes on Recent Book Sales. Mr. Wise will not only give the ordinary details, but will add, out of the fulness of his knowledge and experience, such comments as will be interesting to all readers, and particularly valuable to bookbuyers and booksellers. We publish this month the first instalment of Mr. Wise's contribution. It may be mentioned that Mr. Wise has just completed his great Bibliography of Ruskin. He will now probably undertake a bibliography of Mr. Swinburne.

Although no library of the first or even the second rank has been offered for sale, the books contained in the various collections dispersed by public auction during the past month have been, upon the whole, fairly up to the average in quality and interest.

Upon March 27th, 28th, and 29th, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge disposed of a portion of the library of the late John Webster, Esq., LL.D., formerly M.P. for Aberdeen, the following being among the more important items:—

Beckford, W. Vathek, an Arabian Tale; first edition, upon large paper; a fine, though cut, copy in green morocco by Lortie, with an autograph letter of W. Beckford added, £9 5s. (In the Beckford sale a small paper copy sold for £24!)

Bewick's Select Fables, first edition, a fine copy in green morocco extra, with gilt edges, by C. Lewis, £9 15s. (This copy included the additional vignettes at pp. 122, 125, and 152; and contained also 6 proofs on Chinese paper.)

Bewick's Fables of Æsop, 1818, green morocco by Riviere, g.e., £4 10s.

Bewick's History of British Birds, 2 vols., 1797-1804, first edition, with the Supplement of 1821; fine copy in green morocco, with gilt edges, £11 10s. (Had these volumes been uncut, the price would probably have been nearly doubled.)

Brandt, S. Stultifera Navis in Latinum traducta per J. Locher; Basileæ, 1497; black letter, in red morocco, g.e., by F. Bedford, £12 10s. (Two editions, one in 4to and one in 8vo, were printed in 1497, but the 8vo, of which this copy is an example, is considered the first.) A second copy, in similar condition, sold for £13.

Brunet, J. C. Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres, 6 vols., Paris, 1860-65, with the Supplement, 2 vols., of 1878-80, half-morocco, uncut, £10 7s. 6d.

Combe, W. English Dance of Death and Dance of Life, 3 vols. 1815-17, with coloured plates by Rowlandson, first edition, £14 5s. (The vols. were uncut, but the binding was not original.)

G. Cruikshank's Comic Almanack, from 1835 to 1853, 19 parts in 5 vols., first edition, half-morocco, uncut, by F. Bedford, £21 10s.

Dibdin's Bibliomania, 2 vols., large paper, 1842, £5.

Fielding's Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, and Amelia, 12 vols., 1742-52, all first editions, in calf extra, g.e., by Riviere, £12 5s. (The condition was sound and fair throughout, but the leaves were somewhat cropped.)

The Germ, 1850, brown morocco, g.e., by Riviere, £5 17s. 6d. (This copy was by no means a fine one; uncut, with all the wrappers, a set of the four numbers is now worth £10.)

Constable, R.A., John. Memoirs, by C. R. Leslie, 1843, large paper, in half-morocco, uncut, £9 2s. 6d.

A set of unlettered India proof etchings for Cruikshank's Mornings at Bow Street and More Mornings at Bow Street, £15; and a similar set of 28 of Cruikshank's illustrations to Children's Books, £8.

A volume containing a number of curious contemporary Prints, Etchings, Ballads, Poems, etc., regarding the Burke and Hare Murders, £21.

Laing's Early Metrical Tales, one of 12 copies upon thick paper, 1826, in calf extra, g.e., £3 3s. (This book has sadly decreased in value of late years; Laing's own copy sold for £10 15s., and Sir. W. Tite's for £9 9s.)

Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art, both series, first editions, 3 vols., 1848-1850, £4.

Mr. F. Locker-Lampson's Catalogue of his Books, Autographs, etc., uncut, £2 16.

Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials in Scotland, 7 parts in 5 vols., 1833, half-morocco, uncut, £5 10s. (One of the best of the publications of the Bannatyne Club.)

Quarles, F. Solomon's Recantation, 1645, a fine copy in red morocco, g.e., by F. Bedford, £2 15s.

Pinder, Udalrici. Speculum Passionis Domini Nostri Ihesu Christi, 1507; fine copy in red morocco, g.e., by Riviere, £14 15s.

A curious collection of rare Broadsides, Tracts, etc., connected with the Rebellion of 1715; bound in one volume, £16 5s.

Rossetti, D. G. Poems, 1870. First edition, one of 25 copies printed upon large paper, with an autograph letter of Rossetti inserted, £10 10s. (This copy was sold in the York sale in 1881 for £3 17s. 6d., and had since been bound in Russia, extra, by Riviere. Had it been left in the original state it would certainly have brought £15 15s.)

On Thursday, April 6th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold some interesting pieces by Lamb and Tennyson:—

Lamb's John Woodvil, a Tragedy, to which are added some fragments of Burton, 1802, £5. This book was described in the catalogue as being in "boards, uncut," but it proved to be a cut copy, recently put up in boards in imitation of the original.

Lamb's Album Verses, first edition, 1830; a presentation copy, having the following inscription in Lamb's handwriting at the head of the title-page: "Charles Lamb to his esteemed Friend John Thomas Smith, Esq."; uncut in the original boards, in fine condition, £7. Copies of Lamb's books with autograph inscriptions are of extreme rarity.

Tennyson's Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, 1830, first edition, boards uncut, £11 15s.

Tennyson's Poems, 1833, first edition, boards uncut, £27. (This is the highest price yet obtained for the volume.)

Upon April 12th and 13th Messrs. Sotheby sold the Library of "A Collector," which was chiefly notable as containing a considerable number of the separate quarto editions of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists; very few of them, however, were first editions.

Austin, S. Naps upon Parnassus. A sleepy Muse nipt and pincht though not awakened, 1658, morocco extra, g.e., £4 10s.

Barnes, Barnabe. The Divil's Charter, containing the Life and Death of Pope Alexander the Sixth, 1607; half-russia, £5 5s.

Beaumont, F., and J. Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, first edition, 1635; half-morocco, £2 2s.

Beaumont. F., and J. Fletcher's The Two Noble Kinsmen, written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare, 1634; half-morocco, £4 18s.

Beaumont, F. Poems, first edition, 1640, half-morocco, £8 15s.

Bullen, A. H. Collection ot old English Plays, 4 vols., uncut, 1882-5, £6 5s. (only 150 sets of these volumes were printed).

Buckhurst, Earl ot Dorset. The Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex, first authorised edition of the first English Tragedy, very rare, 1571, £15 15s.

Chapman, George. Al Fooles, a Comedy, calf extra, g.e., 1605, £4 6s.

Chettle, Henry. The Tragedy of Hoffman, or a Revenge for a Father, calf, g.e., 1631, £2 19s.

Collier, J. Payne. An Old Man's Diary, forty years ago; 4 parts privately printed, 1871-2, morocco, uncut, £4 12s.

Cowley, Abraham. Verses written on several occasions, 1663, in old calf, £4 4s.

Crawley, T. Amanda, or the Reformed Whore, edited by F. Ouvry; privately reprinted in 1869 from the rare edition of 1635. The editor's own copy; blue morocco, doublé, by Riviere, £5 5s.

Chertsey Worthies' Library, edited by Rev. A. B. Grosart. 14 vols., 4to, 1878-1881; half-morocco, uncut, £12 5s.

Day, John. The Isle of Guls, first edition, 1606, £2 2s. (Unbound, and cut, having been taken out of a volume of pamphlets.)

Decker, T. The Honest Whore, first and second parts, first editions, 1616-1630, morocco by Riviere, £2 16s. (Headlines badly cut into.)

Drayton, Michael. Poems, newly corrected by the Author, vellum extra, g.e., 1613, £7 10s.

Dickens, Chas. Sunday under Three Heads, 1836, first edition, morocco, uncut, £8 15s. (A poor copy, cleaned throughout, and with one wrapper inserted at end.)

Dickens, Chas. Sketches by Boz, first editions of both series, 3 vols, 1836-37, morocco extra, uncut, by Riviere, £30 10s.

Dickens, Chas. Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, first edition, 1837. Extended to 2 vols. by the insertion of a number of additional plates by Heath, Onwhyn, Buss, Pailthorpe, etc., and bound in morocco extra, uncut, by F. Bedford, £29.

Dickens, Chas. Master Humphrey's Clock, first edition, with extra plates inserted, 1840-41, 3 vols., uncut, £10.

Dickens, Chas. Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, 2 vols., first edition, uncut, 1838, £5 5s.

Dickens, Chas. A set of the Christmas Books, 5 vols., with duplicate copies of the Carol and the Chimes; in all 7 vols., 1843-1848, morocco by Riviere, g.e., £10.

Greene, R. Farewell to Follie, 1617, morocco, g.e., £3 19s.

Heywood, T. The Golden Age, 1611, calf, g.e., £4 4s.

Heywood, T. The Silver Age, 1613, morocco by Bedford, g.e., £4 8s.

Heywood, T. The Brazen Age, 1613, half-morocco, £4 4s.

Heywood, T. The Wise Woman of Hogsdon, first edition, 1638, calf, g.e., £2 4s.

The Ingoldsby Legends, first edition, 3 vols, 1840, 1842, and 1847, morocco, uncut, by Riviere, £25.

Jonson, Ben. Sejamus, his Fall, first edition, 1605, morocco, uncut, by Riviere, £10 10s.

Marlowe, Christopher. Tamberlaine the Greate, both parts, 1605-1606, in one vol., morocco extra, by Riviere, £17.

Marston, J. The Malcontent, first edition, 1604, morocco by Riviere, g.e., £7 5s.

The Merry Devill of Edmonton, 1631, £4 4s. (This comedy has at various times been attributed to Shakespeare, Drayton, and Kirkman.)

Moliere, J. B. P. de. Le Sicilien ou L'Amour Peintre, first edition, 1668, fine copy, in morocco extra by Chambolle Duru, £11. (This price was exceedingly low, as copies have been sold for as much as £50.)

A set of Messrs. Elwin and Courthorpe's Pope, 10 vols., 1871-1886, brought £2 16s.; J. Payne Collier's privately printed Shakespeare, 8 vols., 1878, £18 18s.; and a set of F. J. Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles of Shakespeare, 41 vols., 1881-8, £7 15s. The highest price of the sale was obtained for a copy of Stevens' edition of Shakespeare, 9 vols., folio, 1802, with a series of 1,200 additional illustrations, arranged in 18 portfolios; this lot brought £61.

A correspondent in Scotland sends us the following list of prices:

Stevenson's Pentland Rising, £6 6s.
Napier's Tennyson, £2 10s.
Gaskell's Cranford (Thomson's Illustrations), 14s.
Window in Thrums, edition de luxe, £2 10s.
D. G. Rossetti's Works, large paper, £1 10s.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A SONNET OF CHARLES LAMB.

In a letter, dated December 1833, to the poet Samuel Rogers, acknowledging the receipt of his 'Pleasures of Memory,' Charles Lamb says, "I have tried my hand at a sonnet in the *Times*; but the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you, I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist" (Letter 407, Ainger). Canon Ainger in his note on the passage tells us that he has been unable "to discover whether this poem ever appeared in the journal named." As a matter of fact it was printed in the *Times* of December 13th, 1833, and as it has not, to my knowledge, been reprinted in any edition of Lamb's works, I here transcribe it that lovers of Lamb—Elia is never *liked*—may have it accessible. It has been well said that Charles Lamb is one of those authors of whose work his admirers want every scrap and fragment that is to be had.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., ON THE NEW EDITION OF HIS 'PLEASURES OF MEMORY.'

When thy gay book hath paid its proud devoirs,
Poetic friend, and fed with luxury
The eye of pampered aristocracy
In glittering drawing-rooms and gilt boudoirs,
O'erlaid with comments of pictorial art,
However rich or rare, yet nothing leaving
Of healthful action to the soul—conceiving
Of the true reader—yet a nobler part
Awaits thy work, already classic styled.
Cheap-clad, accessible, in homeliest show
The modest beauty through the land shall go
From year to year, and render life more mild;
Refinement to the poor man's hearth shall give,
And in the moral heart of England live. C. LAMB.

The illustrations referred to were by Turner and Thomas Stothard. We may compare Lamb's verses to the latter "Consummate artist, whose undying name," etc., and, further on in the letter above mentioned, "I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts." W. H. C.

A SHAKESPEARE CRUX.

"Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags!"
Shak. K. John, Act ii., Sc. i., ll. 455-7.

These words have puzzled the editors. Johnson proposed to read "flaw" (gust of wind) for "stay"; others, while accepting the usual reading, fail to extract from it any plain meaning. The words are spoken by the Bastard after King John of England and King Philip of France, with the Duke of Austria, have resolved to unite their armies for the capture of Angiers, and thereafter to decide in battle to whom Angiers shall fall—to John or to Philip, for Arthur. A fierce onslaught on Angiers is imminent, when the citizens interpose with the suggestion that peace and Angiers may be secured by wedding the Dauphin to Lady Blanch, niece to King John. Then the Bastard begins a speech with the words quoted above. He sees at once that the proposal is one likely to check hostilities, and he figures old Death, who had been rushing to mouse the flesh of men, brought to a standstill with such violence as shakes his rotten carcass out of his rags. A. M. WILLIAMS.

Glasgow, April 14th, 1893.

POETRY.

THE DANAAN QUICKEN TREE.

IT is said that an enchanted tree grew once on the little lake-island of Innisfree, and that its berries were, according to one legend, poisonous to mortals, and according to another, able to endow them with more than mortal powers. Both legends say that the berries were the food of the *Tuatha de Danaan*, or faeries. Quicken is the old Irish name for the mountain ash. The Dark Joan mentioned in the last verse is a famous faery who often goes about the roads disguised as a clutch of chickens. Niam is the famous and beautiful faery who carried Oisin into Faeryland. *Aslauga Shee* means faery host.

Beloved, hear my bitter tale!—
  Now making busy with the oar,
Now flinging loose the slanting sail,
  I hurried from the woody shore,
And plucked small fruits on Innisfree.
(Ah, mournful Danaan quicken tree!)

A murmuring faery multitude,
  When flying to the heart of light
From playing hurley in the wood
  With creatures of our heavy night,
A berry threw for me—or thee.
(Ah, mournful Danaan quicken tree!)

And thereon grew a tender root,
  And thereon grew a tender stem,
And thereon grew the ruddy fruit
  That are a poison to all men
And meat to the Aslauga Shee.
(Ah, mournful Danaan quicken tree!)

If when the battle is half won,
  I fling away my sword, blood dim,
Or leave some service all undone,
  Beloved, blame the Danaan whim,
And blame the snare they set for me.
(Ah, mournful Danaan quicken tree!)

Cast out all hope, cast out all fear,
  And taste with me the faeries' meat,
For while I blamed them I could hear
  Dark Joan call the berries sweet,
Where Niam heads the revelry.
(Ah, mournful Danaan quicken tree!)

W. B. YEATS.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS.

This eminent Dutchman, who has chosen our language as his literary medium, has already found a large and appreciative audience in England. Mr. Maartens was born in Holland in 1858. His education and his surroundings were always cosmopolitan. He has been a constant traveller, and has besides lived for long periods in various countries, and consequently feels at home in the social life and the language of several. England, however, has influenced him most profoundly. He was in this country for a few years as a boy, but since his twelfth year he has hardly ever again paid us a visit. In his home English was spoken a good deal, and the family were generally *Anglophil*. A certain amount of English and French is common in Holland, although the amount has been much exaggerated in foreign accounts. In speaking of Mr. Maartens, a London society paper some time ago stated that "English is the language of the upper classes in Holland," which is absurd.

In spite of foreign influences, he is a true Hollander at heart, and loves his country as she deserves to be loved. He was mainly educated at a German grammar school and a Dutch university, and in the course of things expected, and was expected, to enter on a political career. But without knowing exactly why, he wandered away into literature, and, what he could still less explain, into English literature. He liked the language, and the choice was certainly a fortunate one, for so far as a wide reputation is concerned one might as well write in Gaelic as in Dutch. That, however, was not in his mind at the time, and indeed everything pointed rather to success in Dutch.

In Holland nothing is known of Mr. Maartens' literary success, nor would it altogether please his countrymen were it known. His own account of the matter is that whoever cares looks upon him as a dead failure, that he has disappointed everybody's hopes, while far surpassing his own.

'The Sin of Joost Avelingh' was written in Paris, and published in London in 1889. All the great houses at first refused it, and he would have had to abandon the attempt to publish fiction had he been pecuniarily dependent on it. 'An Old Maid's Love' was written in Holland, in the country, and published in April, 1891, by Messrs. Bentley. 'God's Fool,' the writing of which helped to while away a long, dull winter spent in Wiesbaden, appeared in the October of last year. His latest novel, 'The Greater Glory,' now at the beginning of its career in *Temple Bar*, was begun in Holland and finished in an Alpine châlet, where he has just been spending a winter of extremest solitude, 4,500 feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Maartens considers 'God's Fool' to be the best thing he has done, and the fool, Elias Lossel, is his favourite character. The charge of cynicism which has occasionally been brought against him is the only criticism of which he feels intolerant.

MR. FRANCIS ADAMS.

Mr. Francis Adams, though still a young man, has already made a name for himself as a vigorous writer on Australian topics, and as an able and unconventional literary critic. His father, Dr. Andrew Leith Adams, and his grandfather, Dr. Francis Adams, of Banchory, were eminent medical men, enthusiastically devoted to literature as well as to science. Of his grandfather, the country doctor who loved Greek so well, an interesting account may be read in Mrs. Rodger's 'Aberdeen Doctors.'

His mother is the well-known writer of novels, Mrs. Leith Adams, now Mrs. De Courcy Laffan, wife of the headmaster of the grammar school, Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. Adams began his literary career early. His first *paid* contributions appeared in a boys' magazine when he was eleven or twelve. With budding teens he advanced to the dignity of occasional fiction in the *Family Herald* and obscure journals of the hour. With concluding teens he burst forth into a full-blown novel, and for two or three years he watched it being pitchforked round by all the publishers in England and by several in Scotland. Novel No. 2, written when he had left his teens behind him, met with a similar fate, and a small volume of poems, published about the same time, failed with a completeness that left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Adams then was forced, for the sake of his health, to leave England for Australia. In Australia critical articles soon found a place in local monthlies, and short stories in local weeklies, and presently a little booklet, 'Australian Essays,' appeared—once more to the detriment of the literary pocket, but to some small gain for the little local literary reputation.

At this point novel No. 1 suddenly leaped into life in England. Its fate was strange. The late Mr. Mudie promptly put it in his Expurgatorius list, the late Mr. Smith did the same, and the London Library sympathetically followed suit. Thus 'Leicester' won a short and by no means sweet *succès de scandale*, and was straightway forgotten.

Now came for its author three years and more of journalism *au sérieux*—all the wear and tear of staff work on a big daily,—but the critical articles and tales kept vigorous time, and presently the little local reputation had grown enough for an exultant publisher 1,000 miles off to offer £10 down and a royalty of 2d. a copy for a shilling dreadful. The shilling dreadful ('Madeline Brown') sold over 7,000 copies.

Another volume of poems, published locally, emulated the fortune of the first, and a third, 'Songs of the Army of the Night' (since republished in England) won there, as here, a band of enthusiasts *pro* and *con*, but left the general public utterly cold.

Australia had now to be abandoned from sheer craving to escape from the treadmill of journalism and attempt seriously a grasp on literature, and the commencement was with the 'Songs' as above. A short Australian novelette, 'John Webb's End'—it should be 'John Webb's Love Story'—(Eden, Remington), followed, and then, after fiction, came the chance for criticism.

The *Fortnightly* opened its gates to a series of articles on Australia and the Australians: the *Contemporary* listened to impassioned discourse on the Social Problem, and, finally, there were efforts in pure literary criticism.

A volume of tales and sketches, 'Australian Life' (Chapman and Hall), gathered up the best work done in the six years spent in it; a novel of manners, 'The Melbournians (Eden, Remington), attempted to show the political feeling of the younger generation; and now 'The Australians,' (Fisher Unwin), the original book of which the *Fortnightly* articles formed extracts, comes to complete the critical picture of the antipodean civilization as it presented itself to the eyes of the wanderer.

Mr. Adams's immediate future lies in three ventures—a volume of critical essays, 'Essays in Modernity;' a drama, 'Tiberius,' and a novel of English social life, 'The Mills of the Gods.'

MR. S. R. LYSAGHT.

From Mr. Lysaght, whose novel, 'The Marplot,' was noticed in the April BOOKMAN, we may expect good work in the future. He has shown us that he is already capable of it, and indeed he is more concerned with producing good work than on acquiring a popular success.

He belongs to an Irish family of the South-west of Ireland, and though he was educated and now lives in England, much of his time has been spent in Ireland, and the Irish scenes in 'The Marplot' are the result of a close acquaintance with the people. "Pleasant Ned Lysaght," the poet, the author of the well-known Irish songs, 'The Sprig of Shillelah,' 'The Irish Volunteers,' 'The Rakes of Mallow,' and others, the friend of Grattan and Curran, constantly alluded to by Lever as a prominent figure in Dublin society at the beginning of the century—there are some lively reminiscences of him, too, in Sir Jonah Barrington's 'Personal Sketches'—was a member of the same family. Mr. Lysaght has been in no hurry to rush into the profession of literature, rather preferring to take his own time and follow his own inclination as to what he should write. He shares Mr. Meredith's view of the danger of injuring the quality of the workmanship when literature becomes the means of earning a livelihood. The only other book he has published is a poem called 'A Modern Ideal' (Kegan Paul), which appeared in 1886, and he has not so much as printed a magazine article since. 'A Modern Ideal' was a serious attempt to show that abundance of material for poetry could be found "under the manifold trappings and coverings of our modern society." Poetry, he declared, "strips off the coverings of fashion; it works with the nude —with the soul."

Mr. Lysaght considers himself only a beginner and a student, but he has thought seriously on the possibilities of the novelist's art. He is very hopeful about the future of fiction, thinking it offers greater scope for the pourtrayal of character than the drama, and that it gives opportunities for teaching human nature which are denied to the biographer. A biographer cannot reveal all sides of his subjects, while the novelist by placing his men and women in circumstances which are not familiar can show us sides of character unsuspected or undeveloped. To make real people more real is, he thinks, the first function of the novelist. As to style, he has perhaps more belief in its importance in fiction than most novelists have. At all events, he looks for great things yet from English prose, holding that in rhythmical prose of not yet familiar cadences great future developments of *poetry* are to be looked for.

It is well to start with such high ideals and such a creditable performance as 'The Marplot.'

MISS IDA LEMON.

Miss Ida Lemon, whose book of short stories 'A Pair of Lovers, and Other Tales' is noticed in our Novel Notes this month, is the third daughter of Mr. Henry Lemon, the

line engraver. Ever since her childhood she has written more or less, though it is only recently she has thought of taking to writing as a profession. At school she was kept in good practice by being constantly called on to write burlesques and parodies for the amusement of her schoolfellows, and to contribute to amateur magazines. Of the prizes offered by *Every Girl's Magazine* to girls under twenty, Miss Lemon gained twelve, and then in accordance with the rules, she could compete no more. About three years ago she gained a £40 prize from Cassell's for a short serial story, but she was not very proud of the tale herself. A one volumed novel 'A Divided Duty' was published by Messrs. Warne about two years ago. It was fairly successful, and favourably noticed, but Miss Lemon did not take the story very seriously, and somewhat regrets now having published it. Since then she has contributed various short stories to magazines.

The greater part of Miss Lemon's time is given to working among the poor. She had written two or three stories about the life of the London poor for the *Girl's Own Paper* and the first of these, "A Winter Garment," attracting considerable attention, she became more ambitious and tried the *Cornhill* with a tale, "An Artist of the Pavement," included in her recent volume. It was at once accepted, and Mr. Payn wrote so encouragingly that she sent another, "A Pair of Lovers." At Mr. Payn's suggestion she wrote several others, and Messrs. Smith, Elder undertook to publish them. "A Pair of Lovers" has been dramatised.

Miss Lemon's personal inclinations run much more in the direction of philanthropy than literature. She has always had great sympathy with the very poor. She understands them, and she enjoys her work amongst them, and is the best of friends with those whom she comes in contact with. As to her literary work, she feels she is still at the beginning, and her estimate of her powers is a particularly modest one. But with such success as she has already achieved she is not likely to let slip so good a chance of making the work that is near her heart doubly useful.

THE READER.

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM WARD.*

IN the February BOOKMAN we gave a number of extracts from an interesting volume of Mr. Ruskin's letters to Mr. F. S. Ellis, which had recently been printed for private circulation under the editorial care of Mr. Thomas J. Wise. That series has now been followed by another of even greater interest, the letters it includes having been written by Mr. Ruskin between the years 1854 and 1886 to his friend and pupil William Ward. The period thus covered extends over more than thirty years, and embraces by far the busiest and most productive portion of Mr. Ruskin's fruitful life. The letters—which number one hundred and seven—fill two octavo volumes, the first of which is now before us.

When the Working Men's College was founded in 1854, Mr. Ruskin interested himself heartily in the project, and made himself responsible for the success of the Art Class—one of the first to be established. Among the pupils at the College were two who, in particular, attracted Mr. Ruskin's attention. These two were George Allen, now the well-known publisher; and William Ward, known nearly as widely as the skilled and careful copyist of Turner's drawings. To the latter the correspondence now before us was addressed.

The first letter of the series is dated February 5th, 1855:—

"MY DEAR WARD,

"I was just going to write to you about your drawing, which is very good, though I can't give you much for it, or I should unjustifiably raise the hopes of the other men. We must finish a little more before we can command price. I am only going to give you ten shillings for this. It is *worth* that to me, though more to you; but as you get on you will put more value on your work, in less time. I will send you a prettier model; and then, I think, you will make a very lovely drawing.

"Don't allow yourself to dwell on the evil, or you will fall into despair; and you will come across veins of good some day. There are beautiful people—beautiful in sense of all goodness—in the world, here and there; the worst of it is, most of them are apt to be foolish.

"I am more oppressed and wonderstruck by people's *absurdity* than anything else in the world; and then, what wonderful power a single fool has—the wrong way!

"But you know all your annoyance, as well as mine, comes of their disbelief. If you really suppose there is a master to the household, you have nothing to do but to attend to his business, and be quiet and comfortable.

"Truly yours,

"J. RUSKIN.

"Always write to me when it does you good, as it does *me* good too."

The next letter is dated Denmark Hill, 1855:—

"MY DEAR WARD,

. . . . "I should be glad indeed if I thought that so many of the workmen were of your mind as to admit of your using that large '*we* would relieve ourselves.' At all events I am truly glad to know whom I can count upon to help themselves in such a spirit.

"But, as I said to you, I do not count upon such a temper as an available practical element. All I hope for is to be able to shew, and to make men understand, how they may live more comfortably—get better wages—and be happier and wiser than they are at present. If, after that, they are led on to better things—well! But at present, it seems to me, that good fellowship—reciprocal help—exercise of brains with the hands—and such other matters, may be got out of (or into) thousands who would not listen for a moment if one were to begin talking to them of the Influences of the Holy Spirit. All these things *are* His influences; but I think we have to advise and preach them just as simply as one would advise children, who were fighting in a ditch, to get out of it, wash their faces, and be friends—without endeavouring, at that moment, to instil into them any very high principles of religion.

"I am very glad you are thinking of the Protestant Convent plan.* I have *no doubt* we shall carry it out, and that all over the country; but just because it is so important a scheme, we must not attempt it 'till we are sure of succeeding. Let us all work, but still the main word for us all must be *patience*. . . .

"Truly yours always,

"J. RUSKIN."

After eighteen months' close study, in 1856 Mr. Ward was considered fit to fill the position of under drawing

* 'Letters from John Ruskin to William Ward.' Edited by Thomas J. Wise. In two volumes. London: Privately printed. 1893. (Vol. I.)

* At this time (1855) Mr. Ruskin had an idea of forming a community of art workers, who were to be employed by the public in copying illuminated MSS., and various other kinds of art work. Nothing ever came of the scheme in this particular form, but the idea was carried out by the employment by Mr. Ruskin himself of people to work for him in copying pictures, making architectural drawings, engravings, etc.—always in the hope that the public would become interested in the work, and assist with their patronage. It cannot be going too far to say that the formation of the Guild of St. George was in reality a late development of the "Protestant Convent plan."

master at the College. At the same time he began giving private lessons, under Mr. Ruskin's direction, and the following extracts afford a good insight into the plan adopted by Mr. Ruskin when instructing beginners :—

"Send a delicate study of leaves, to Mr. Thomas Dixon,* foot of Mill Street, Sunderland. The study to be in grey colour; with a word or two of explanation of the way to work the colour with the point.

"Keep an account against me for postage, and for the price of every letter—which I arranged the student should pay—when I tell you to send letters to people who cannot afford the payment."

. . . . . .

"With it send a copy, consisting of a little bit of cast, drawn with the brush, in *grey*, not in sepia, three times over. The first, to show how to begin; the second, carried farther; the third, finished. Explain, as well as you can in a letter, the mode of working. A *very little bit* will do."

. . . . . .

"Do not sacrifice principle in any way at present to school teaching. Be simply firm in stating what can, and what must, be done; and reject the pupils who will not work. No music master would proceed with pupils who would not practice.

"You may give Prout, and large pen and ink outlines, in conjunction with the pen and ink finished practice. But you must maintain the system firmly. I quite understand the disappointment of the parents, and I do not think at present any principal of a school can introduce the right system. But you must simply give up the school.

"Have a little more patience; things will go better by-and-bye."

. . . . . .

"I've got leave from Mr. Hunt† for you to see him paint. I'll give you six lessons—that is to say, six hours to sit by him (for you'll find he can't *tell* you anything), as soon as he comes back to town in two or three weeks."

. . . . . .

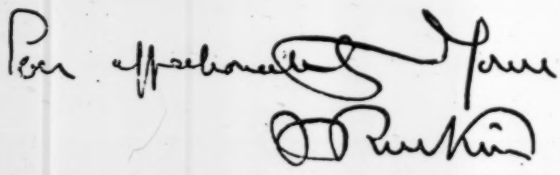
"Follow the lines of Prout individually, but draw them quickly; as quickly as you suppose he did. Do not correct mistakes; but make as few as may be. The Raphael‡ should be outlined with pencil, then drawn with pen at once—and again and again.

"Gather some moss and grass, and outline bits firmly with the pen: it will practise you in complex lines. You may use black shade in interstices.

"Shells, drawn with the pen, are good practice also."

. . . . . .

"Don't cover your paper so with lines—use fewer—and *think* about them."



Now and then the letters show a touch of despondency :—

"I'm just leaving town for a week or two, being tired and ill. . . . . I've given up all lending and teaching now;—life's getting short with me, and I must look after my own work."

And again on August 8th, of the same year :—

"I have been abroad, and my friends have been dying by twos and threes at a time; and I've been nearly dead myself too. I'm very sorry your letter was neglected.

"Here are ten pounds, and I'll see you soon."

A considerable number of these letters are occupied with details of the Turner work, upon which Mr. Ward was so long and so deeply engaged. Mr. Ruskin had this Turner copying very much at heart, hoping by the means of *fac-simile* copies to spread the knowledge of the works of this great master. "The work," writes Mr. Ward, "was both close and trying, and the copies produced were minutely examined by Mr. Ruskin with lens and compasses. But I learned more of the marvellous subtleties of Turner, and of nature, than would have been possible by any other means."

Here are a few extracts from letters dealing with this subject :—

"I think you ought to fix your mind on this Turner work quite as the thing you *have to do*. You know me well enough to trust me that I do not say this to keep you captive for my own purposes. If I thought you could be a successful artist, I would not let you copy. But I think your art gifts are very like mine; *perfect* sense of colour, great fineness of general perception, and hardly any invention. You *might* succeed in catching the public with some mean fineness of imitation, and live a useless, though pecuniarily successful, life; but even that would be little likely. Whereas in rendering Turner, you will live a useful life; and, I think very probably, a highly prosperous one."

. . . . . .

"The reason copying has been (justly) despised is that people have never done it but for money only, and have never therefore given their hearts to it. . . .

"To copy Turner, and any one else, rightly, you must always know what he means; and this requires constant looking at nature from *his* point of view. There is no degradation in doing this any more than in letting him, if he were alive, teach you. For instance, your own point of view, or De Wint's, or Constable's of a tree might relate only to the green of its leaves, their quantity. Turner might disregard the colour, and imagine half the leaves gone from the branches in autumn, in order to express the grace and anatomy of the limbs. All these views are *natural*,—but in looking at nature with a view to illustrate the work of any given Master, you must look at her not '*with his eyes*' (which you cannot, and should not) but from his *place*, and *to* his purpose. It will do you great good to see more clearly what Turner *means* by those odd touches and scratches in his outlines of French towns and fortresses, and to see the character of the scenes he tried to render."

. . . . . .

"You cannot enjoy Turner's 'fairy' work too much. *That* is divine to the very day of his death.

"But haste—weariness—*Death*, in its widest sense, as it begins to seize on what is called old age.—All the effects of solitude, of absence of all human sympathy and understanding; and finally sensuality proceeding clearly from physical disease of the brain, are manifest to me in those later works in a degree which is proportionate to my increasing reverence and worship of the divine fact of them."

One more letter, dated October 31st, 1867, and then we must close this attractive book :—

"My Dear Ward,

"Try for a little more definiteness in outline: they are a little too vague. Don't be afraid of a falsely-strong line or two to express *form*, as long as they are *lines* only. The eye always *forgives* a well-meant outline, but not a false colour, or a *careless* form. Keep such outlines in colour harmonious with their place.

"You may write me whatever you like to talk about, provided you write large and clear. You may trust to the *truth* of my sympathy; but you must remember that I am engaged in the investigation of enormous religious and moral questions, in the history of nations; and that your feelings, or my own, or anybody else's, at any particular moment, are of very little interest to me,—not from want of sympathy, but from the small proportion the individuality bears to the whole subject of my enquiry.

"I have *no* affections, having had them, three times over, torn out of me by the roots,—most fatally the last time, within the last year. I hope to be kind and just to all persons, and of course I *like* and *dislike;* but my word 'affectionately' means only—that I *should* have loved people, if I were not dead.

"As a matter of practical fact, you may always trust to my kindness in a *due* proportion, as you stand among other people who require it; and to my understanding sympathy in proportion also. But I have no *pleasure* myself, now, in any human relation. Knowing this, you will be able to understand a good deal in my ways of going on, otherwise inexplicable.

"Faithfully yours,

"J. Ruskin."

* Mr. Thomas Dixon, the cork-cutter of Sunderland, to whom the series of letters forming *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne* were afterwards addressed.

† Mr. William Hunt, of the Old Water Colour Society.

‡ A sheet of pen and ink sketches by Raphael which Mr. Ward was copying for practice.

We should have liked to have given an extract or two from the interesting preface which Mr. Ward himself has contributed; but space fails, and we can only refer our readers to the book itself.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTT, CAMPBELL, JEFFREY AND WORDSWORTH.

A glimpse of Sir Walter Scott and Hugh Littlejohn—The Poet Campbell in Edinburgh—Lord Jeffrey at Craigcrook—A visit to Wordsworth at Rydal Mount.

MY earliest recollection of a great author is a very slight one of Sir Walter Scott. *Virgilium vidi tantum* is all I can say of the most famous of Scotchmen, yet perhaps there are not many persons living who can say even that. My solitary glimpse of him was when, though a little boy, I was old enough to have read with delight the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' They were as familiar to me as the fairy tales of childhood and the hymns of the revered Dr. Watts when I was sent to a preparatory school at Melrose, which, as everybody knows, is not far from Abbotsford. One day I was out walking with a governess or other female guardian, when an open carriage with an elderly gentleman sitting in it reading, and a boy on a pony trotting by its side, was seen coming along a bend of the road, so that we had them in full view. "Look," said my companion, "that is Sir Walter Scott and his grandson." Look I did at the author of my favourite 'Tales of a Grandfather' and the boy for whom they were written, to whom they were addressed, and who seemed to me more or less deformed. The carriage with its illustrious inmate, the pony with Hugh Littlejohn on its back, passed by, and I never saw either of them again. In a very few years both of them were in their graves; the death of the grandson at ten preceding by some nine months that of the sexagenarian grandfather.

My next reminiscence, a little less slight, is of another Scottish literary celebrity, though one far inferior to Sir Walter. Thomas, familiarly known as "Tom" Campbell, I not only saw, but heard. At the time I am writing of Campbell had ceased to produce any verse that added to his poetic fame. 'Theodric' was adjudged rather a poor sequel to the 'Pleasures of Hope,' to 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and to some of the most spirit-stirring lyrics in the language. But on the visit which he paid to Scotland, and during which I saw him, he was received with as much enthusiasm as if his poetic genius had never waned. In Glasgow especially, the city of his *alma mater*, which had thrice elected him its Rector, once when Sir Walter himself was a candidate, his reception was one of boundless welcome. But he was feted and caressed in Edinburgh too, where he was the guest of Mr., afterwards Sir Archibald, Alison, and the hero of any number of dinner parties given in his honour by the best people there. It was not under the roof of any Amphitryon of the upper class that I saw Campbell and listened to his talk. The chief public honour paid him in Edinburgh was by the Town Council, which conferred on him the freedom of the city. One of the members of the Council who had been most active in procuring him this distinction was a Baillie (the Scottish analogue of Alderman), and he was intimate with my family. The Baillie asked Campbell to dinner, and as a boy of supposed intelligence and enthusiasm for poetry and poets, I was asked to put in an appearance with the dessert, that I might gaze on the Bard of Hope. The guests were chiefly Edinburgh ministers of the Kirk, one of them being the long-headed, pawky Dr. Lee, then in charge of one of the most important city churches, and afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Among them, and a striking contrast to his clerical fellow-guests, sat the poet, a spruce little gentleman, with finely cut features, in a gay and talkative mood, which became more so as he made an end of glass upon glass of brandy and water. He told amusing story after story, to the great delectation of his listeners. Young as I was, I noticed that some of the poet's anecdotes verged on the improper, and that in these cases Dr. Lee's countenance wore an embarrassed expression, as if, while bound to smile, he felt it to be his duty to look grave. So the evening wore on until Campbell had told his last story, finished his last glass of brandy and water, and it was time for seniors, much more for juniors, to take their homeward way.

Lord Jeffrey was an old friend of my father, and had a high opinion of him in his professional capacity. A few years before Jeffrey became a judge of the Court of Session —he had long before resigned the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*—my father, seeing him in his carriage, which was standing before an Edinburgh door, asked permission to present to him the writer of these lines, then a stripling. Whatever he may have been in criticism, Lord Jeffrey was in private life one of the most amiable of men. He good-naturedly assented, and invited father and son to breakfast on the following Sunday at Craigcrook, his summer residence near Edinburgh. On a fine summer morning we wended our way to the baronial-looking pile (familiar enough to me from without) into which Jeffrey had converted a solitary old tower, and which nestled delectably at the foot of the beautifully-wooded Corstorphine Hills. In the drawing-room we found ourselves alone. There was only one book visible. With youthful curiosity I took it up, and found it to be Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' a presentation copy, with the brief inscription: "To Lord Jeffrey, from T. C." Strange to say, in spite of Jeffrey's fastidiousness in regard to style in general, and frequent censures of Carlyle's in particular, he was a warm admirer of the 'French Revolution.' Summoned to the breakfast-room, we found in it our host, his wife, his daughter (the "Charlie" of his correspondence), with her husband, not long married to her, Mr. Empson, who succeeded Macvey Napier (himself Jeffrey's successor) in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*. What struck me most in Lord Jeffrey's physiognomy was the piercing brilliancy of his eyes, which I have never since seen equalled. Mrs. Jeffrey was afflicted with a twitching movement in her face and arms. It never ceased, and made one nervous to look at her, inducing an expectation that some disaster would befall the tea equipage, which, however, she handled with unfailing dexterity. Mrs. Empson, a tall young lady, with cheeks like peonies, and a remarkably erect carriage, never opened her mouth, at least to speak. Her husband was very quiet and gentlemanlike. Lord Jeffrey had a long chat with my father about old times. Now and then in the intervals of conversation

he glanced at the *Times*, which lay beside him on the table, and expressed satisfaction with the progress of the Municipal Corporations Bill (it abolished the hole-and-corner municipalities of the olden time), which was making its way through the House of Commons. Asking some question as to what my father intended me to be, and receiving a rather ambitious reply, he gave me one glance with those piercing eyes of his and said, "Make a doctor of him"! Breakfast over, we accompanied our host and Mr. Empson to the gardens, luxuriant with summer blossoms. There, with his own judicial hands, Lord Jeffrey culled and cut a pretty nosegay for my mother, went with us to the entrance, and with Mr. Empson bade us good-bye, leaving on me the pleasant impression of a very courteous and amiable old gentleman.

The last of these early reminiscences is one of Wordsworth, whom Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* had done his best, and his worst, to depreciate and keep down. But for myself and the friends among my coevals, Jeffrey's harsh criticisms had been made of no account by Christopher North's glowing praises of Wordsworth in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and we learned to revere the poet of 'Tintern Abbey' and the 'Excursion.' I was visiting during school holiday-time some relatives at Kendal, when a relative at a distance, thinking to do me a kindness, and without informing me of his intention, wrote to Wordsworth to the effect that a young admirer of his was sojourning at Kendal, and would be overjoyed to be allowed to visit him. To my great surprise I received an amiable note from the poet, saying that he would be visible at Rydal up to a certain date. There was no Kendal and Windermere railway in those days (nor even a steam-boat on Windermere itself), and if I remember, no stage-coach or anything of the kind. By the well-to-do the journey between the town and the lake was made in post-chaises, which in that region of acclivities and declivities rattled down hill, the impetus thus given them aiding them to rattle up hill again, in a fashion unknown to me elsewhere. I started on foot one fine autumn day at an hour rather too late for a walk of fifteen or sixteen miles through an unfamiliar region in which there was so much that was picturesque, beautiful and grand to tempt a pedestrian with eyes in his head to linger lovingly on the way. Evening was coming on when, after a happy, happy day—for Windermere and its surrounding scenery were new to me—I reached the quaint old building known as Rydal Mount, which was the goal of my pilgrimage. There was light enough outside, but the sitting-room on the ground floor, into which I was ushered without the conventional announcement, was darkened by the ivy and shrubs which enshrouded the windows. I found the poet and his wife dozing in their chairs. My entrance roused them, and after the due greetings the poet proposed to show me his grounds. He donned a Tam-O'-Shanter bonnet, threw a plaid round his shoulders, and forth we sallied. He must then have been not far off seventy, but he looked remarkably hale and erect. Of his features, that which struck me most was his nose, one massive enough to have satisfied Mr. Walter Shandy himself. His countenance had not to my mind that refinement which is visible in his portraits. Altogether, if I had not known that a great poet was by my side, I might have taken him for a Lowland farmer of the better class. As we wandered in the evening sunshine, along terraces (the work of his own hands) and garden walks, among trees and shrubs and flowers, mountains behind us, mountains in front of us, with occasional glimpses of Windermere, he pointed out the beauties of the changeful view, and questioned me about my parentage, upbringing, and prospects. Though a walk of sixteen miles would have been a trifle to him at my age, he seemed pleased that a town-bred boy should have trudged all the way from Kendal to visit him. Once only was the subject of his poetry touched on, and then by me, not by himself. It was when he pointed out the chapel which owed its existence to one of the Châtelaines of Rydal Hall. I said that I remembered the grateful lines which he had addressed to her on the completion of her pious work, and this reminiscence, too, seemed to please him. Before we parted, something that dropped from me may have betrayed a hankering after a literary life. At any rate, he warned me against it, and spoke of what he had known of suffering among friends of his drudging for and dependent on "booksellers." He advised me to be "a surgeon." If nothing came of Lord Jeffrey's monition to my father and of Wordsworth's to myself, probably some lives have been saved to the world or some limbs spared to their owners.

Φ

MR. HALL CAINE'S EARLY DAYS.

MR. HALL CAINE is one of two well-known literary Manxmen, the other being his friend the Rev. T. Brown, author of 'Betsy Lee' and other delightful 'Fo'c's'le Yarns.' Both writers are associated with Liverpool, the former by residence and work, the latter by the fact that for some forty years or thereabouts the pulpit of Myrtle Street Chapel in that city was filled by his brother, the sturdy, common-sense humourist and philanthropist, Hugh Stowell Brown. Mr. Caine regards his little island nation with feelings of ardent patriotism—witness his Royal Institution lectures, which make such a readable and pleasant volume; but only fragments of his life have been spent there, though his first published work, produced while he was still in his teens, consisted of a number of articles which appeared in the columns of a Manx journal. The father of Mr. Caine, a worker in a comparatively humble craft, but a man of much intelligence and strength of character, secured for his son a solid elementary education in the school attached to the Hope Street Unitarian Church, Liverpool, which was then—as it is now—one of the best of the many provincial schools which owe their existence to private philanthropic enterprise. Mr. Caine is certainly the most distinguished of the Hope Street "old boys," but among them are Mr. William Tirebuck, author of that powerful novel 'Dorrie,' Mr. Robert Leighton, who is rapidly winning fame as a writer of admirable stories for boys, and many others whose names are in various ways honourably known to the world. Very early in life Mr. Caine manifested a love not merely for literature, but for art; he acquired a fair knowledge of architectural draughtsmanship; and as a young man entered the employ of the large firm of building contractors, James Bromley and Son, the sole surviving partner of which has been for many years Mr. James Bromley, of Lathom, a man of singular geniality of nature and breadth of cultivation, to whom, it will be remembered, another Liverpool

writer, Mr. William Watson, dedicated his now famous volume, 'Wordsworth's Grave, and other Poems.'

It was in the year 1876, while Mr. Caine was still thus engaged, that I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance. A company had been formed in Liverpool for the establishment of a weekly journal of opinion that was to be largely devoted to the advocacy of certain principles in which its projectors were interested. I was asked to undertake the editorship of this paper, which was to be called the *Argus*; and being naturally anxious to secure the aid of competent colleagues, I consulted my good friend Mr. E. R. Russell, the accomplished *littérateur* who presides over the *Liverpool Daily Post*, from whom I first heard the name of Mr. T. H. H. Caine. A letter addressed to Mr. Caine brought him to my office, and I remember being impressed by the conversational aptitude which is not the least noteworthy of his many gifts, and by a certain pleasantly manifested confidence in his own powers which the past ten years have not failed to justify. What I wanted were articles of local interest, which in any provincial journal must needs have the lion's share of the space; and it was arranged at this interview that Mr. Caine should contribute a series of papers on "Foreigners in Liverpool," and that he should undertake a portion of the theatrical criticism of the *Argus*. As a matter of fact, this latter department soon fell entirely into Mr. Caine's hands, and the four initials appended to the column headed "From our Stall" soon became well known to Liverpool play-goers. The articles on the Foreigners were, on the whole, less successful. Mr. Caine's literary tastes had led him to a somewhat exclusive study of authors with a marked idiosyncrasy of manner, and Carlyle and Lamb were special favourites. Admiration had for its natural result more or less unconscious imitation, and it must be admitted that these great writers are not the best models for a young journalist. A reproduction of their fine agilities of movement is irritating rather than pleasing to the average newspaper reader who is enamoured of plain literary pedestrianism, and to this prosaic pace Mr. Caine refused to be broken. The writer of the third volume of 'The Deemster,' with its fine, severe reticence, more powerful than any rhetoric, can afford to forgive me for a quotation from one of these early articles. It is the article upon "The German"—a too tempting theme for a young Carlylian—and thus did Mr. Caine celebrate the musician of the German band:

> "Yonder lounging fellow in the cap and blouse is a fitting object for curiosity, and, could we but think it, for veneration too. What though he be the veriest music-monger that ever engaged gratuitously to discourse the jerky strains of itinerant harmony through the streets of Liverpool, is he not of kindred blood with Weber and with Wagner, and are not his chords some echoes, more or less distinct, of the giant efforts of his prototypes? Nay, is not his sheer existence in his public capacity the measure of his libation on the shrine of his heroes? Though he pursue his invidious office for the merest pittance scraped out of the halfpence of exalted public generosity, is he not imitating in this particular the example of his own Luther and of our Goldsmith, who, pale, cold, and friendless, piped their mournful strains for even slenderer reward to the stony streets and sometimes stonier hearts of Wittenberg?"

I had sad reasons to know that the articles of which the above is a sample roused in the breasts of certain readers of the *Argus* a spirit of rebellion not unlike that which stirred the subscriber to *Fraser* who in the days of the monthly appearance of 'Sartor Resartus' wrote to inquire how long "the d——d tailor" was to be allowed to continue his contributions. One of my directors too—an amateur journalist with a potent voice at board meetings—also turned restive; and as I was bound to support my contributor, Mr. Caine, himself one of the most amiable and least quarrelsome of men, became the innocent provoker of a small civil war. The "Foreigners" series was, however, a brief one, and to the bright notes "From our Stall" no sensible human being could possibly take exception; so Mr. Caine's ultimate retirement from the staff of the *Argus* came in the most natural and peaceful way, as the result of the not unfamiliar necessity of "cutting down expenses."

Journalism was, however, only one of the many irons which at this time Mr. Caine had in the fire; and those who knew his absolutely marvellous activity in those days of scanty leisure and very indifferent health felt no surprise when they heard that he had voluntarily undertaken the labour of re-writing 'The Scapegoat,' which in its first form had been so successful, simply in order that it might be as perfect as he could make it. Mr. Bromley, an ardent antiquarian, had found no difficulty in inspiring Mr. Caine with his own enthusiasm, and the outcome was the establishment in Liverpool of a branch or auxiliary of the admirable "Society for the Protection of Public Buildings," and the publication of a small volume of papers on the subject of Restoration—ironically so-called—written by Mr. William Morris, Mr. Samuel Huggins, the well-known animal painter, Mr. Bromley, and others, and edited by Mr. Caine himself. Another society, entitled "Notes and Queries," established mainly for the purpose of encouraging the study of Shakspeare, also owed its existence to his indomitable ardour, and at its first public meeting—presided over by Professor Dowden, who at the time happened to be my guest—Mr. Caine read a paper, entitled "The Shadow of the Supernatural," a performance in what may be described as his second manner, the hyper-scholastic terminology of which was good-naturedly criticised by Rossetti in a letter which Mr. Caine, with characteristic honesty and courage, printed in his volume of 'Recollections' of the distinguished poet.

And this brings me to a matter of considerable interest, the origin of the relations between the author of 'The Blessed Damosel' and the much younger man who was to become the author of 'The Deemster' and 'The Bondman.' I have already referred to the charm of Mr. Caine's conversation, and his frequent visits to my house were always pleasant to myself and my wife. One evening our conversation turned on contemporary poetry, and I read aloud 'The Burden of Nineveh' and one or two other poems from Rossetti's volume of 1870, with which Mr. Caine, like many readers of that day, was then unacquainted. He was much impressed; asked and obtained the loan of the volume; and a few weeks afterwards he informed me that he had written an essay on Rossetti's work, which he was about to read to a literary society in Liverpool. Subsequently the essay was delivered as one of the Free Corporation Lectures, and later still was published in a somewhat obscure magazine, and sent to Rossetti. A tribute so warm with enthusiastic admiration could hardly fail to be accept-

able to the subject of it, and Rossetti's letter of thanks was the beginning of an interesting correspondence, which is in part known to the world, and the first link in a chain of occurrences which finally drew Mr. Caine to Chelsea.

It was a happy accident; for though such imaginative and literary power as Mr. Caine has shown himself possessed of must in the long run have made its mark, it is certain that his connection with Rossetti, chronicled so frankly in the volume of 'Recollections,' excited public interest in a writer who might otherwise have had to fight his way to the place which legitimately belonged to him. As it is, he has himself told us, in an interesting paper contributed to the *Idler*, that his first novel, 'The Shadow of a Crime,' instead of passing through the usual ordeal of repeated rejections, was immediately accepted by a publishing firm, who have by this time good reason to congratulate themselves on their courage and enterprise. Such congratulation would not be unreasonable, for 'The Shadow of a Crime' was a fine promise rather than a satisfying performance, and of that promise 'A Son of Hagar' was certainly not a fulfilment; but in 'The Deemster,' especially in that third volume with the impressively told story of Dan Mylrea's exile, which has been already referred to, Mr. Caine gave the world assurance not merely of a man of genius, but of a consummate artist.

With Mr. Caine's achievements during more recent years the world is fairly familiar, and I have no claim to special knowledge. With regard to this or that characteristic of his work there may be legitimate differences of opinion; but it may be unhesitatingly said that no living novelist has displayed more unswerving loyalty to his art. No north-country reader of his first novel, 'The Shadow of a Crime,' can fail to be impressed by the amount of careful study of the dialect and traditions of the dwellers in the lake district, and the few readers who held up to scorn the striking episode of the horse wandering for weeks among the lonely fells, with a coffined corpse strapped to its back, were unaware that they were criticising not a fantastic invention, but an unexaggerated transcript from local history. Whether Mr. Caine takes us to Northern Europe, as in 'The Bondman,' to Northern Africa, as in 'The Scapegoat,' or to his own tight little island, as in 'The Deemster' and one or two of his short stories, there is always the same studious fidelity in his presentation of the details of his chosen background. Genius—*pace* the often-quoted saying—is something more than "an infinite capacity for taking pains"; but when the genius is there and the pains are taken, the resulting quality of the work done is singularly satisfying. Few who knew Mr. Caine by his work of fifteen years ago saw in it any promise of the work he is doing to-day, and I cannot boast that among those few I was numbered. Happily for my self-esteem, I was far from being alone in this lack of foresight; but I nevertheless feel more shame for it than Mr. Caine has reason to feel for any of the crudities of his youth. He provides one of the best contemporary examples of the achievement possible to persistent endeavour and rigorous self-criticism. Only there must be the genius to begin with.

James Ashcroft Noble.

A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF 'FESTUS.'

The distinguished author of 'Festus,' who has now taken up his residence in Nottingham, his native city, has kindly sent us the following interesting letter.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—From certain kind friends personally known to both of us, I have received an intimation that you would like to hear from me upon some literary matters to which allusion is made in a recent communication of yours to them.

As regards the especial school of poetry to which you refer, I am only so far interested or concerned with the members of it as to acknowledge, along with both public and publicist, the generally bright colouring, pure morality, happy imagery, and exquisite similitudes manifest in one or two of their poems; but I have no sympathy with their works specially, nor with their ways; as indicated also by such of them as still continue with us, for I look upon them as a permanent class in literature; any more than with the startling or awful titles which are blazoned forth in the advertisements of their works.

Given a crude and hasty treatment by an aspirant after poetical "fame," of what sounds as a lofty or ambitious topic; the world being never so full as now of a respectably educated mass of litterateurs; and without waiting to discover by self-examination whether their mental calibre and culture as a whole be adequate to the handling of such matters as are not seldom selected by them, they hasten to complete their periodical rotation round themselves or the idol of their imitation, with almost mechanical regularity; and are suitably applauded and rewarded. But as showing any true mark of real study in the construction and elaboration of a well-considered and elevated theme, there is a plentiful lack in the great majority of them.

On the other hand, to one early trained to metaphysical and poetical studies, in their highest school, as regards the former; and as to the latter, accustomed to view and to discuss such studies according to well-known æsthetic rules, and the best classical exemplars both ancient and modern, a young receptive and imaginative mind might very easily be supposed to be imbued with tastes and tendencies of a character that might under favourable circumstances readily develop into a life-long pursuit, and a persistent purpose which nothing could shake nor divert.

When therefore is shown, as is obvious to any one who has only read even the preface to the recent Jubilee edition of 'Festus,' that no more orderly and methodical poem is to be found in the whole range of English literature; no vaster nor more comprehensive theme; no poetical scheme embracing spiritual, ethical, physical and metaphysical bearings more consistently wrought together in relation to inter-dependent parts; nor, considering the extent of its compass, more fitly compacted as a whole; and when now in supplement to what is there written in regard to the simple entirety of the work, its original constitution and construction; its design and scope, characterization and machinery; its solutions of such vexed questions as the nature, origin, end, and endurance of evil; transitional, not eternal; phenomenal, not essential; the necessary imperfection of all created Being; the ontological identity of unity and infinity; and many other illustrations of pure and mixed theology; of terrestrial ambition united with the perfectibility of civil society; and the pacification of the world in the interests of a spiritually minded

humanity; we may suppose added under the final heading of the prefatory analysis above alluded to, a special differentiation of the work which follows, in its spiritual teachings and conclusions, from those insisted upon by the majority of writers who have advisedly chosen the illustration of such themes as are implied in the outline of a religio-philosophic faith—and poetry can in no instance aspire to any higher position—by Milton, for instance, not to go further back, in his confused Arianism, and, through Satan's success, his virtual Dualism; by Byron, in his intermittent scepticism and reiterated Manicheism; by Shelley, in his rabid and irrational atheism; in the infuriated predictions of everlasting torments to be inflicted upon all sinners, angelical or human, dilated on with horrible ingenuity by Young both in his 'Night Thoughts' and in 'Judgment Day'; and by the author of 'The Course of Time' (the writer's contemporary and almost class-fellow) in his frequently sublime, but too often gloomy and somewhat bigoted literalness as regards his conceptions of Divine and morally equitable retribution in the world to come; there is a feeling of deep dissatisfaction should occupy the mind of a student of Poetical Divinity.

But, if extending our view beyond our own English poetical cycle of bards and divines, we include, through translation, that vast jumble of Greek and Gothic fable laid before the world by Goethe in his divisional, and therefore æsthetically unsatisfactory production, 'Faust'; the author of which, abandoning altogether the motive and purport of the original national legend he had set himself to handle, the very core of which was the hard and harsh ecclesiastical dogma of the inefficacy of repentance, after any supposed compact with the powers of evil, opposed to the prophetic teachings of the Bible; and after showing the learned Doctor, in company with Mephistopheles, an evil imp it appears of a mean and subordinate class, teaching and preaching a sensuous and impure Pantheism to the victim of their united attentions; she, after such undermining of her moral nature, beguiled into the commission of parricide, constructive fratricide, and finally of infanticide, only it is painfully evident over-conscious of a somewhat too voluntary sacrifice; and concluding the first section of the story with the death in jail, and the announcement by a divine voice from heaven of the unconditional salvation of the interesting heroine, commences the second segment of the story (not the shadow of a trace being visible from first to last of the circumstances attending the close of the hero's mortal career, and of his pitiful compunction and repentance, made so much of by Marlowe and in the primitive tradition) with the resuscitation of the amiable and ever-fascinating Faust, in an Elysium or fairyland sort of scene, where he endeavours to while away the time by a double adultery with Helen of Troy, and other repulsive incidents as the results of such a brilliant invention; until after the smothering of Mephistopheles by the celestial saints beneath showers of roses, and the separation of Faust's humanity into elements partly perishable and partly divine; the whole terminates in the worshipful glorification of eternal wifelihood; a fact, of which in the respective cases of Margaret and Helen of Troy he had shown such a keen and delicate appreciation.

From considerations and reflections connected with studies of this nature, and the dissatisfaction and disappointment necessarily attendant upon the conclusions to be drawn from them, the author of 'Festus' may, he trusts, be regarded as not altogether unjustified in his desire to illustrate an alternative theory, not only of Divinity, but Humanity, in a future spiritual condition, purificatory and progressive, both of them more in accord with our present day beliefs as to the nature and perfections of Deity, and His more probable mode of dealing by providential and remedial process with all His rational creation, if erring still amenable to the gracious influences of Divine omnipotence and benevolence; an alternative, at all events, unique among works of imagination; and neither in itself, be it allowable to hope, incredible, nor unworthy of celebration.

In this light, and as completive of what may be called a synoptic view of the moral evangels of various poetical messengers (some of them named above), the work may now be regarded, and will repay the study of any reader interested in serious and elevated thought. It is not criticism of it that is wanted. There are volumes of it, several of the writers of which, from the cheery and voluminous balladist of his day to the literary Caliban of the current hour, have endeavoured to perpetuate, with an eye to their own renown, their self-inflicted stigmata of ignorance and incompetence.

Of our two chief contemporaries in verse recently passed away, they neither of them said anything about myself as a friend or writer but what was good in itself, or kind and just; one of them, beside that tribute of high admiration of my work with which the world has for many years been familiar, gave me some advice which he was fully qualified to give; and the other said he had himself written too much, but that I had not written enough. I did not grudge them their approval by the million; they did not grudge me theirs.

I am, very sincerely yours, PH. JAS. BAILEY.

The Elms, The Ropewalk, Nottingham.
March 10th, 1893.

LONDON PUBLISHERS.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN founded his publishing business in March, 1882, and has since carried it on in his own name, having no partner. Commencing with popular series, such as the *Lives Worth Living Series* and the *Half-Holiday Handbooks*, the firm gradually extended this process of formulation till, at the present time, there are no less than twelve series published by him.

The series of histories included in the *Story of the Nations* was begun in 1886. Since that date over thirty volumes have been published, some of which, such as that on the 'Hanse Towns,' by Miss Zimmern, and 'The Byzantine Empire,' by C. W. C. Oman, M.A., are unique anthorities on their subjects. It is understood that monographs on 'Parthia,' by Professor Rawlinson, 'The Australian Commonwealth,' by Greville Tregarthen, and 'The Recovery of Spain,' by H. E. Watts, and several others are in preparation.

A cognate scheme is the *Adventure Series*, the object of which is to give vivid and faithful records of adventure and travel. It began with Trelawny's 'Adventures of a Younger Son,' edited by Mr. Edward Garnett, and, besides including many desirable reprints, has been the means of discovering several curious MSS. Of these 'The Log of a Jack Tar' and 'A Master Mariner' (the Story of Captain Eastwick), compiled by his son, may be particularly noted.

This series will shortly appear in a new *format*, in which a compilation on six 'Women Adventurers,' by Mrs. Norman (the 'Girl in the Karparthians'), will appear. 'The Life and Adventures of James Beckworth,' the mountaineer, scout, and chief of the Crow Indians, will also be reprinted, with a preface by Mr. Charles G. Leland.

Another series of biographies is that of the *Great French Writers*, a selection from the 'Ecrivains Français,' edited by M. Jusserand. 'Théophile Gautier,' a forthcoming volume, will contain an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang.

Apart from this series, Mr. Unwin has published many important biographies; *e.g.*, 'The Life and Times of Savonarola,' by Professor Villari, and the only complete edition of the professor's 'Life and Times of Machiavelli.' It is possible certain of the political biographies, such as Mr. Holyoake's 'Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life,' may ultimately be included in a *Reformer's Library*.

In the *Cameo Series* Mr. Unwin has endeavoured to bring into notice poetry of a high literary quality, but distinct from what is simply popular poetry. It is in this series that Mr. William Watson first made his fame. Dr. Garnett's 'Idylls and Epigrams from the Greek Anthology' and Miss Preston's translation of 'Mireio' may also be mentioned.

It was the *Pseudonym Library* that led to a large development in his business as a publisher of fiction. The Library started two years ago, and continued the success won by 'Mlle. Ixe.' It has in fact been, as a reviewer remarked, "an academy of new literary reputations." The series has been, besides, a great means of making known great writers of foreign countries, to mention only Potapenko (the Russian), Drosines (the Greek), and Drachmann (the Dane).

The *Independent Novel Series* includes unrelated works of fiction, sometimes by *débutants*, sometimes by well known authors, and the *Novel Series* is an attempt to make English works of fiction international.

The Series of *Climber's Guides* provides reliable guide-books for the mountaineer. Mr. Conway, who has just completed his hazardous expedition in the Himalayas, and the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, are the editors.

Mr. Unwin's greatest ventures have been in the department of belles-lettres; *e.g.*, his edition of 'Pablo de Segovia,' containing the complete series of illustrations by Vierge, and his facsimile edition of the designs executed by Stradanus for the 'Divina Commedia.' In conjunction with Barbèra, of Florence, he issued 'Sir John Hawkwood' and 'Vincigliata and Mariano.' The 'English Wayfaring Life,' and other works by M. Jusserand, and the 'Arcady' and other works of Dr. Jessopp, may also be mentioned.

In the *Children's Library* an attempt is made to stimulate a taste for ancient and modern folk and fairy lore. The Greek, Welsh, Irish, and Italian story-tellers have already been drawn upon, in which company will also be found Mrs. Molesworth and Mr. Ford Hueffer.

A feature of the firm has been its strong and close alliance with publishers of the United States. This has been productive of such valuable works as the 'Federalist' and Lerick's musical essays (published with Scribner). Mr. Unwin is publisher of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines. He has also arranged the English publication of the 'Century Dictionary,' the voluminous 'Life of Lincoln,' the illustrated works of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell (some of which, however, have been his private ventures), and numerous other works.

Mr. Unwin's publications in theology have been marked, as a rule, by a liberal spirit, as the names of Dr. Cheyne, the Rev. R. F. Horton, Dr. Samuel Cox, and the Rev. Newman Smyth, will testify. This aspect of liberalism has been the means of inducing numerous pamphleteers to publish with him. O'Connor's 'Parnell Movement,' Massingham's 'Gweedore Hunt,' Norman's 'Bodyke,' etc., may be cited. Several colonial names appear on his list, of which may be noted the 'Negro Question,' by Judge Maxwell (a Gambian), a West Indian's criticism of Mr. Froude, a Japanese view of Japan and the Pacific, and Gudumal's biography of 'Malabari.'

The last venture in which Mr. Unwin has interested himself is the publication of the *New Irish Library*, which, under the general editorship of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, has been started this spring with the double objects of stimulating the renaissance of Celtic, and especially Irish, literature, and awaking the Irish people to a new interest in literature by placing in their hands noteworthy books that bear on the Irish Patriotic Movement. The first volume of the Library will be Davis's 'Patriot Parliament,' edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

It may be added that the *Mermaid Series*, comprising the "Best Works of the Old Dramatists," so long published by Mr. Vizetelly, has now passed into Mr. Fisher Unwin's hands, and that he will from time to time issue fresh volumes. The works of Ben Jonson, edited by Brinsley Richards and C. H. Herford, will be among the first new editions published.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. WATSON'S NEW VOLUMES.*

Mr. Watson's early poems appeared about 1880. No apology was needed for their republication, especially as the author has wisely refrained from revising them. From the first the late Mr. Rossetti—and on his own peculiar ground no critic was ever more unerring—recognised them as a worthy product of the inspiration of Keats. Such they no doubt were in their main features, but it is by no means difficult to trace in them the influences which have modified Mr. Watson's later work. On their own merits as poems they well deserve reproduction, apart from what the publishers call "the curious interest for readers who care to note the phenomena of a poet's artistic development." Caring less about the poets than about their poetry, I am not so much impressed by "the marked dissimilarity between the manner of the 'Prince's Quest' and its author's later style." That it is an early, in some respects a juvenile, work is patent enough, but whatever personal and individual element there is in Mr. Watson's verse seems to have been there from the first. This long poem affords numerous examples of each one of the merits to which I have before now pointed in these pages. Strong lines, carefully constructed phrases, and those light fancies which are the spices and volatile essences of poetry, may everywhere be traced. On the other hand the faults are those which the poet has naturally, as time went on, to some extent grown out of, but which he has not yet wholly abandoned. Among these is a straining after effect and originality in expression, the very vice for which, as we shall presently see, he justly castigates Mr. Rossetti. Not but that there is a difference. Both poets at times twist and torture the language like dentists, but while Rossetti produces nonsense, Mr. Watson is merely uncouth and outlandish. For nearly always he knows what he wants to convey, and conveys it after a fashion. Take a few lines from page 99:

> "Set the gold sun with kinglier-mightful glance.
> Rose the maid-moon with queenlier countenance."

"Kinglier" is an odd adverb—"sorelier," which comes later on, is still odder—and "kinglier-mightful" seems a heavy load for such a quick, transitory little word as "glance." Besides, "kingly" and "queenly" are expressions consecrated to the use of the tribe of Ouida. Again:

> "Or jostling stars that shook the darkness' floor
> With night-wide tremour 'neath their dizzy dance."

Now one feels what the poet is aiming at, though he misses his mark. Shakspere's "floor of heaven" is twisted into the inelegant possessive "darkness' floor." "Night-wide tremour" is odd. And then the whole conception is entirely false. This "merrier madder crew" of stars are, it seems, *not* meant for comets or shooting-stars. Anacreon or St. Amant on his way home from a symposium may have noticed this "dizzy dance" and "jostling" of the fixed stars, this "shaking" and "tremour" of the impassive firmament, but whoever is enough of a philosopher to be a great poet interprets the orderly imperceptible procession of the heavens more soberly.

> "stars that climb the sky
> In silent watch to pace the night."

There you have what all the great poets have thought, and what one has, to my thinking, supremely expressed, and he not Shakspere, nor Milton, nor Shelley, but curiously enough—Isaac Watts.

Another mannerism I will note, because I think Mr. Watson has not yet quite shaken it off, his use of wordy tropes to mark points of time. Take the opening of 'Angelo.' Instead of saying "seven months ago," he says:

> Seven moons, new moons, had eastward set their horns
> Averted from the sun; seven moons, old moons,
> Westward their sun-averted horns had set;
> Since Angelo," etc.

The wife is twenty-five and the husband fifty. This is expanded into

> "for she had known
> Twenty and five soft summers woo the world,
> He twice as many winters take 't by storm.
> And in those half a hundred winters," etc.

which looks as if Angelo and Lucia had done duty as the gentleman and lady in a toy weather-glass. No doubt the best poets, especially the Italians, have gloried in these

* 'The Prince's Quest, and other Poems.' By William Watson Second Edition. (Mathews and Lane.) Price 4s. 6d.

'The Eloping Angels.' A Caprice. By. W. Watson. (Mathews and Lane.) Price 3s. 6d.

'Excursions in Criticism.' By W. Watson. (Mathews and Lane.) Price 5s.

rigmaroles, but they are very tedious. The shorter pieces in the volume, if they are equally early, are certainly of remarkable merit. Some are of finished excellence. The poem addressed to Beethoven rewards careful study, and the two first verses of 'The River' (though it falls off at the end) are charming, especially the first lines:

> "As drones a bee with sultry hum,
> When all the world with heat lies dumb."

Mr. Watson's last work, 'The Eloping Angels,' since it is styled a *Caprice*, might well have been his first. As a youthful escapade it might be condoned like those of Byron, whose flippant style it closely follows. Was it worth while to give offence to the weaker brethren for so little gain? That the poet thinks the Christian heaven a very tiresome, dead-alive place he has already told us with much force and some dignity in his 'Dream of Man'; those whom he did not convince then will only be exacerbated to fury by this raillery about a pair of lovers who escape from heaven in order to get married and be happy on earth. It reads like a lame version of some witty *conte* by one of the French prose-masters of the last century, and scarcely at all interests me, but strangely enough it enshrines four stanzas (22 to 25) which are exquisite in their felicity of feeling and expression. One cannot but wish that Mr. Watson would set this beautiful gem anew by writing on eor two introductory stanzas, and adding perhaps as a finale something a little stronger than the 26th stanza. It is only fair to mention that the poem, however disappointing, contains many fine lines, such, for instance, as these:

> "And soon the earth and all it doth contain
> Shrank to a point of hesitating light."

Too little space remains to notice adequately the volume of Mr. Watson's collected reviews and criticisms. That they are so good does not surprise me, as though till now unaware that he had written anything in this line, I had from the first suspected that his success as a poet was largely due to his excellence as a critic. His judgments are generaliy sound and sober, nor can I but envy the good temper with which he attacks quacks and quackeries. In the first paper he administers some plain words to the Elizabethan-dramatists-ring. The "Punishment of Genius" strikes the genuine note of loyalty to the mighty Dead, and war to the knife against the ghouls who banquet on such a corpse as Keats'. The papers on Edwin Waugh and Lowell are important for their terse criticisms, which should be carefully studied. Somehow, Mr. Watson inadvertently perpetrates a curious mystification as to this remark of Lowell on Dryden: "There are continual glimpses of something in him greater than he, hints of possibilities finer than anything he has done. You feel that the whole of him was better than any random specimens, though of his best, seem to prove." These sentences Mr. Watson thinks "curiously contradictory," and observes, "Here we are told, first, that parts of Dryden transcend Dryden; and next, that Dryden transcends his own finest parts." This is a strange slip. Lowell says nothing of parts. By "glimpses" he does not mean fine passages, but suggestions of latent powers; by "the whole" of Dryden, he does not mean his works, but the whole of that power of genius which he never put forth. The essay on "Critics and their Craft" ought to please everybody but Mr. Saintsbury, and he is so easily pleased that perhaps he will find something to approve and patronize in the pages devoted to his courteous suppression. It would have been pleasant to dwell awhile over the last paper, an "Interview with the Shade of Johnson," in which the great man criticises our latest poets. The language is not precisely that of the Doctor, but the opinions are not too improbably put into his mouth. The analysis of Rossetti's style is highly Johnsonian, and indeed the whole piece bristles with homethrusts at our slipshod bards. It would be excellent reading for a young poet. This little volume has a peculiar value in that it proves that Mr. Watson is a master of prose as well as of verse; it may be studied as much for the fineness of its style as for the soundness of its matter.

Y. Y.

BORROW'S LAVENGRO.*

I asked in the February BOOKMAN whether Mr. Watts's Reminiscences of Borrow would ever be reprinted from the *Athenæum*. And here are, not those Reminiscences, but eighteen pages of fresh "Notes upon George Borrow," prefixed to a cheap and handy reprint of 'Lavengro.' Ten in number, they treat of such themes as "Isopel Berners," "Borrow's use of Patois," "The Saving Grace of Pugilism," "Borrow's Gypsies," and "The Future of Borrow's Works." Mere notes they are, brief and discursive; and therefore they have not, they could not have, the same value as the Reminiscences, to which, however, they form a charming appendix, and with which they surely must some day be incorporated. "Great writer" and "man of action" though he was, Borrow has not yet been included in any of the innumerable series; indeed, with the exception of Borrow himself, hardly any one has written about Borrow. A large exception, it may be said; but then the question arises, in his second note Mr. Watts raises it, Is Borrow, when writing of Borrow, to be depended on? Mr. Watts says "No." According to him, Borrow "sat down to write his own life in 'Lavengro,'" but whilst "in the first volume he did almost confine himself to matters of fact," in the second and third, as also in the 'Romany Rye,' he so interwove fancy with fact as fully to justify his self-chosen title 'Lavengro.' He meant it to stand for "philologist," but —*nomen omen*—already in Grellmann (1787) *latcho lavengro* stood for "a liar."

The question is one of some interest. In November, 1887, the *Chautauquan* contained the draft of a forthcoming Life of Borrow by Professor Knapp, of Yale, who had purchased three years before from Borrow's step-daughter all Borrow's note-books, manuscripts, and correspondence. It is by far the exactest sketch we have of Borrow's life; and, according to it, the events recorded in 'Lavengro' and the 'Romany Rye' are "*true in every detail.*" Borrow, Professor Knapp tells us, did really compile the 'Celebrated Trials'; did really write "the story of 'Joseph Sell' for a collection of Christmas tales"; did really "settle for some weeks as a tinker in Mumber's Lane, Lichfield, close by Willenhall" (the topography here seems vague); was really "accompanied by the rather compromising society of 'queen Bess,' given in the printed 'Lavengro' as 'Isopel Berners';" and did really "buy the wonderful horse of the Willenhall churchwarden and tavern-keeper," and afterwards sell it at Horncastle. Is the "Man in Black" then also a reality, and the "Reverend Mr. Platitude," who thanks God he has left all his Church of England prejudices in Italy; in other words, did Tractarianism exist nine years before it was born? David Haggard again, the Scottish Jack Sheppard, Borrow describes him as "a lad of some fifteen years," with "prodigious breadth of chest," and as defeating in single combat a full-grown baker's apprentice. Borrow may well have seen him, for in July, 1813, he really enlisted as a drummer in Borrow's father's regiment, the Norfolk militia, then stationed at Edinburgh Castle; but he was not fifteen then, only twelve years old.

One might equally take exception to Borrow's misstatements as to the treatment of the French prisoners at Norman Cross; to his pretended journey to Kiachta (he was never within three thousand miles of it); or to his translating St. Luke's Gospel into Basque (!), of which he had only the merest smattering. But perhaps the most striking disproof of his absolute credibility is afforded by his frequent protestations that all his Romany knowledge was at first-hand, that he had never read a book about the Gypsies. Why, in his earliest publication on the subject, an *Athenæum* article of August 20th, 1836, he cites Samuel Roberts ('The Gypsies,' 1836); and great part of the vocabulary in his 'Zincali' (1841) was lifted, *verbatim et literatim*, from Dr. Richard Bright's 'Travels through Lower Hungary' (1818).

It is not ill-will to Borrow that prompts me to write these things; for him and his works I have a love of twenty years' standing. But when critics write as though it were sacrilege for either Mr. Watts or any other to tamper with the sacred text of 'Lavengro,' it seems to me they are writing in sheer ignorance. As a matter of fact, few books would

* 'Borrow's Lavengro.' With an Introduction by Theodore Watts. (Minerva Library. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. 1893.)

gain more from careful annotation. Quite apart from that love of mystification which made Borrow write "——shire" for Notts, "Colonel B——" for Colonel Blood, or "D——" for East Dereham, there are a host of persons mentioned or hinted at in its pages of whom the general public knows little or nothing—as the Rev. Walter Whiter, Sir Richard Phillips, William Taylor, and Joseph John Gurney. Short footnotes on these would surely be no sacrilege.

F. H. GROOME.

POEMS DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL.*

Besides what may be left unclassed as the poetry personal and peculiar to isolated poets, there is a poetry of sentiment, that grows up when the poetry of patriotism has been reaped, and a poetry of education, which follows respectfully the poetry of sentiment. Lord de Tabley is one of the poets of education. He writes because he has read. He is not exactly a motive force, but is part of a movement. His work is pleasant, thoughtful, comely, clean, and presentable. But it is somewhat shadowy, and this quality does not belong to it in right of being in any way a herald of things not yet with us. He flings none of those shadows which, the proverb tells us, coming events cast before them. He reminds us of what we know rather than arouses us to a new state of being. One page tells of Tennyson's influence, another of Browning's, another of Mr. Swinburne's. Yet there is no plagiarism; there is education.

Unfortunately the chief lesson to be taught by the great masters—the lesson of every man's right to a bold artistic wilfulness—has not been learned. A diffused air of individual honesty, a recognisable attempt to realise thoughtfully before writing, is the substitute for originality. Originality, in a poetic sense, means more. It has to do with the nervous system, and is insufficient when divorced from this, even though it be clearly present in the meditative habit of mind. The book is readable, but it is only just readable. One ounce more of its contemplative gentleness would render it irritating.

But a book is a composite fact, and contains something besides literature. It speaks through its material. The appearance of the pages have an utterance, and even the binding is not mute. Read thus, as Wagner tells us that opera should be understood, the volume here produced has salient merits. The size is ideally perfect for the style. It is neither obtrusive nor bashful. The binding with its pleasant green tone and pretty gold ornamentation decorates every artistic room where it is allowed to lie on the table, and the few illustrations with their panel-like, crowded, old-world wealth of suggestiveness and poetic charm are enough to justify its existence, and more than enough for its modest price.

Something striking should now be quoted. But nothing is more difficult to find here than what newspapers are in the habit of calling a "purple patch." The following passage of softened Swinburnese from the opening of a poem called 'Zeus' is among the best:—

> "Who hath revealed his name,
> Father of clouds, eternal King of death,
> Who ere the mountains came,
> Or gentle winds drew breath,
> Sat in the morning light and had no care,
> Great, and austerely fair,
> For ages, and for ages, till at last
> Creation ripened fast
> And at his feet the infant world began.
> Under his feet the dew and spice of morn
> And little wells arose,
> The glory of the leaves, and newly born
> The wonder of the rose.
> Murmur and supplication, laugh and prayer,
> Came up like vapour to his footstool there;
> And the faint pulse of distant, throbbing woe
> Seemed as an echo very far below,
> A'moan the wind beats back, a sound that cannot grow."

There are five pages of it, and all excellent. It only just misses being masterly.

In the preceding poem is a line not addressed to the critic, but to those who have loved and are enjoined not to be bitter, even though they find that they can love no longer as they did in their youth.

> "Be silent if thou canst not praise."

It would perhaps make a good motto for reviewers. But here every one will praise, and though with a regretful guardedness, yet not with any intentional "faintness" of the character that "damns." If the writer had been less moderate and less careful; if he had ever laid to heart Blake's most stimulating proverb, "Exuberance is Beauty," it would be easier to speak justly of him without seeming to speak grudgingly. He has much of the mind and of the manner of a real poet, and with a fuller music could have forced his way to a more inward and chosen place in the affections of his readers.

EDWIN J. ELLIS.

* 'Poems Dramatic and Lyrical.' By John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley. With illustrations by C. S. Ricketts. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

CHRISTIANITY AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

This book is one of the series of Manuals of Early Christian History, projected by Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter. The task which Mr. Addis has set himself is a difficult one; and he shows many excellent qualities in his performance. He had to write a brief, intelligent, and well-arranged book on a subject which is extraordinarily complicated and difficult, and on which opinions differ widely. It was almost inevitable that he should adopt one view, and rule all others out. By doing this, he has certainly succeeded in writing a history that is brief, simple, clear, and well-expressed, a rounded and well-ordered whole; the only doubt is whether it is true. Truth in a historical treatise is not, under the examination system, of very great importance. An ingenious and well-expressed sophism will always get far more marks from an examiner than an attempt to state truth fully from all sides, an attempt which is quite inconsistent with the limits of a single question in a three hours' paper; and, after all, examiners are only men, and their taste is not very different from that of the ordinary man. But still truth in history has not lost all value even for one whose trade (like that of the present reviewer) is examining.

Mr. Addis accepts unreservedly the opinions that have hitherto been dominant in German circles, and shuts his eyes to all that is not approved there. But these opinions appear to the present reviewer to belong to a period that is now almost ended. Lightfoot and Neumann are of the new era; but Mr. Addis is decidedly of the old era. Like so many of the German writers on this subject, he belongs to the pre-Mommsenian age in Roman Imperial history; for it is Mommsen beyond all others that has made the new period possible. For example, there is an overwhelming preponderance of opinion in German circles that "the persecution of Christianity in the proper sense of the word was inaugurated by Trajan" (p. 69). Lightfoot showed eight years ago how untenable this view was; Neumann more than two years ago exposed its fallacy conclusively; and Mommsen expressed his agreement, only adding that the inauguration of persecution was even earlier than Neumann allowed. Such facts might have led to a reconsideration of the whole position and of all that rests on it; but Mr. Addis's faith is unshaken.

There are, however, many points, even in this much-debated subject, where controversy has given place to general agreement. Even in the points under debate many may think that Mr. Addis's judgment is right, and the one which I have expressed wrong. These will be able to appreciate unreservedly the excellent qualities and the many striking and able passages in the work; and all will agree that, within the limits assigned, it would be difficult to present in a more complete and alluring way one special theory about a great and interesting period of history, whether or not they can agree with it.

W. M. RAMSAY.

* 'Christianity and the Roman Empire.' By W. E. Addis. (London: Hare. 1893.)

RUSSIA WITHOUT POLITICS.*

If it be not strictly true that this book is so unique as to speak of Russia, and not to mention politics, at all events the references may be ignored. They are scanty, trivial, and too conventional in tone to merit any attention. Mr. Whishaw knows best a side of Russian life which is little affected by tyranny or conspiracy or prospects of Siberia. He is a sportsman, a naturalist, and something of a poet—in his own words, "a hanger-about in woods"—his nerves and spirits answering quickly to sounds and scents and movements of the open air. It is the keen and rare sense of enjoyment handed on to the reader that makes the value of his book. There are fine descriptions in it; there is humour, and there is vigour in the narrative. But it is too disjointed; it repeats itself too much; Mr. Whishaw is too readily and constantly facetious for the book to rest on its literary merits alone. Leaving aside the description of life in a Russian village, and the Easter services in St. Petersburg, irrelevant but picturesque, and the harrowing tales of poor humanity doing itself to death on snow-shoes and ice-hills, terrible reading for all save the very young, we find the real interest and individuality of the book in the chapters, A Black Cock Tournament, King Capercailzie, Bruin, and A Wolf Battue. Mr. Whishaw has one eye on the sport and the other open to all the things going on around him; and the amateurish sportsman is always best company after the shooting is over. He is a close critic of the morals of beasts and birds, and his description of the black cock's empty boasting at the *tok*, or tourney ground, is an exposure indeed. The pictures of King Capercailzie, "the grandest and proudest of game birds," and of February in the woods, and the spell the great forest laid on him in the night-time, are things to dream about.

For more adventurous sportsmen there are big stories of bears and wolves. Anglers, too, have their corner, and though Mr. Whishaw does not hold out much prospect to them he has one tale of a little Finnish lake that should make them prick up their ears. It is full of perch and pike, and romantic fishers may like to know that it is "dotted with little islets, one of which is so thickly covered with lilies of the valley that it is perfectly impossible to tread upon the earth without crushing several of the delicate white bells." In short, Mr. Whishaw has written a book calculated to excite grave discontent with all city surroundings, and to make the reader echo with a shout its words, "Who would not be an elk, or a capercailzie, or even a hare . . . or anything that has a vested interest in the grand, free, careless life of the forest?" G-Y.

THE AUSTRALIANS.†

Mr. Adams has written a very vigorous account of the social life and the prospects of a people he has lived amongst, whom he has sharply criticised, and who have been his very good friends. His always marked and decisive style is still more decisive here, probably with a purpose. The travesties of Australia have been so absurd, that the facts, as Mr. Adams conceives them, have to be stated in a very downright and perhaps exaggerated fashion—especially when they are addressed to an unimaginative people "ruled by fogs and a middle class." The statements look all the more dogmatic that as a rule each one is given a paragraph to itself. Politicians will find much to interest them in the vigorous and unconventional sketches of Australian statesmen, and a good deal to ponder over, to contradict, or to verify in the political statistics and prophecies. One valuable feature of Mr. Adams' book is the combative effect it has even on admiring and interested readers. It does not always convince, but it cannot leave any indifferent. It will possibly lead to a new kind of inquiry into Colonial matters.

Never before were the differences in temperament and ideals between ourselves and the Australians set so vividly before us. But he leaves on our minds a very uncertain impression as to what will be the future of this "lean and high-strung" people. In the description of town life, of Melbourne, for instance, with its vigour and earnestness and "nothing worth being eager or earnest about," which has not digested European culture, and has none of its own, practically pagan, materialist, and with social problems staring it in the face, there are pictures black and sordid enough. It is to the Bush people Mr. Adams evidently looks for the supply of health and manhood and intellect that will fertilize the continent; and there are some charming pictures of the dwellers away from the big cities. "The absolute fearless friendliness of the children, their innate feeling of the kindly respect due to themselves as to others, their simple and expansive intelligence, their unaffected modesty and self-control—I have found intercourse with bush children one of the most charming things in life!"

The press of Australia, representing as it does all there is of literary life at present, has due attention paid to it; but the most interesting of all Mr. Adams' chapters to most people will be that on "Two Australian Writers"—Gordon and Marcus Clarke. Gordon enthusiasts we have amongst us, but the review of Clarke will probably make many new friends for the only prose writer approaching greatness that Australia has ever produced. Mr. Adams' high opinion of Clarke is certainly justified by the passage he quotes, from which we cull a sentence or two. "A Poem like 'L'Allegro' could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern . . . No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In Australian forests no leaves fall . . . But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. . . . The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the bush interprets itself, and the poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful richness of Egypt." G-Y.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.*

Professor Caird's Gifford Lectures are a contribution to the philosophy, rather than the science, of religion. They do not deal with the phenomena of religious history, like most of the lectures in the Hibbert series, but with the rational interpretation of these phenomena. The author writes, indeed, with an avowedly practical purpose. He wishes to provide an *eirenicon* by which those who are in religious perplexity may be enabled to read the riddle of their spiritual state, and come to be at peace with themselves, and the world they live in. But his procedure is abstract and speculative in the highest degree.

Religion, in all its forms, is, he teaches, the manifestation of a principle essential in human nature. Every rational consciousness is found, upon reflection, to embrace three elements; it is at once consciousness of an object, consciousness of a self, and consciousness of a unity underlying both—a unity manifested in their differences and yet holding these differences together within itself. These elements of consciousness are not at once explicit. The third especially—the consciousness of the unity which underlies, is manifested in, and reconciles all the differences of the inward and outward life—is not at once explicit. But it is present *in*, if not *to*, every rational consciousness; and it is the principle which is manifested in all forms of religion. At first it is unable to find adequate expression for itself; but it is always there, always operative, always reacting against forms unequal to its content; and in this way it urges the human spirit incessantly onward and upward from the rudest types of savage religion to the purest Christianity. A person practically interested in religion cannot avoid asking whether this is not a merely formal construction, which means nothing, because it means too much. "Every rational being as such is a religious being," says Professor Caird. It may be so, if religion is interpreted as it is above; but it is certainly not so, in any sense in which religion has ever been an interest not of metaphysics, but of history and

* 'Out of Doors in Tsarland.' By F. J. Whishaw. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

† 'The Australians.' A Social Sketch. By Francis Adams. 10s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

* 'The Evolution of Religion.' The Gifford Lectures, 1890-1. 2 vols. 14s. net. (Maclehose.)

life. Professor Caird does not ignore the objections that will be taken to his theory, but neither does he answer them; he defies them. "Let us state as broadly as we please the facts of man's ignorance, his error, or his sin; let us darken as we please the picture of his thoughtlessness, his immersion in the finite, his sensuality that enslaves him to the world, his vanity that shuts him up in himself—and we cannot easily exaggerate any one of these things—yet it is not for a moment to be supposed that he can escape from God, or cease to live in Him." Yet surely, on the other hand, it is not for a moment to be supposed that living in God in this metaphysical sense is equivalent to being religious; though it is the only sense which Professor Caird's theory supplies for the word.

A reader who distrusts his own judgment on this speculative construction of religion will look eagerly for the historical demonstration of it. He will hope to see the great religions—the existence of which gives its true meaning to the word—set in relation to each other, and put in their place in the development of the religious consciousness. But Professor Caird gives no such demonstration. He follows Hegel in teaching that the religious consciousness must assume first the objective, and then by reaction the subjective form, before it attains the absolute and adequate one. But to classify religions as objective or subjective is not to show the evolution of religion. Does it not raise grave doubts, too, as to the utility of this classification, when we find things so remote as Buddhism, the Hebrew religion, and the later Stoicism, brought together under the head of subjective? Apart altogether from its special relation to the absolute religion, which sprang directly out of it, the immense spiritual wealth of the Old Testament is neither characterised nor explained by this label. Take, for instance, the phenomenon of prophecy. Professor Caird explains it virtually as the protest which the religious consciousness in the subjective stage makes against what is, in favour of what ought to be. But if this were all, why did Buddhism and Stoicism produce no prophets? And how did prophecy in Israel, arising out of a protest, which in itself has no contents, attain to spiritual insight so varied, so wonderful, so unique in history, and so anticipative of Christianity, as Isaiah's vision of the ideal King, Jeremiah's of the new covenant under which all should know God and have His law in their hearts, and a later prophet's anticipation of a sinless servant of God, whose sufferings should save His people?

Professor Caird's treatment of Christianity is valuable because it is representative. It shows how completely the New Testament is lost if the supernatural is silently but decisively eliminated, and Jesus treated as the first "absolute practical idealist"—the first person who saw that the consciousness of God in all men, as in Himself, underlies all the differences of the finite as a reconciling principle. Most people will feel that such a conception is a kind of irrelevance; it stands in no discoverable relation to anything that has ever been known to history as Christianity. It is not a theory of the Christian religion as a power which has actually been at work in the world; it is an insubstantial substitute for it. James Denney.

FROM TWO OLD POETS.*

Here are two books of selections from old poets of whom it is good to be reminded. The Elizabethan Library aims at making others besides students acquainted with the lesser masters of a great epoch, by popular selections from their works. Breton was a most unequal writer, and does not suffer much by being shown in bits. He was not so great a wit or a poet as Dr. Grosart would have us believe. Perhaps his chief characteristic was common sense. He had an eye, too, for the picturesque in life; there was a poetic fervour in his piety, and real gaiety in some of his pastorals, in

"Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?"

for instance.

The best of his poetry, including "What art thou, Will?" which by-the-bye is not here, is given in Mr. Bullen's 'Lyrics from the Elizabethan Romances.' But that is a scarce book, and so are the two massive quartos of his works edited by Dr. Grosart. The prose bits are a little scrappy. The editor has, however, before this unlocked so many barred gates leading into fair gardens that gratitude should keep us from carping because in this instance we only get peeps through the fence. It is not there our ground of quarrel with him. But we look through this little book, and long to write a tract on the deportment of editors, and make Dr. Grosart, for his punishment, read it. It is within his right to say that Breton reminds him of "the dainty delicacies of a Watteau on china," and if he finds comfort in writing a preface to an Elizabethan poet in this style, "His sacred verse takes also o' times iridescent hues, and utters out passionate experiences," or in talking of the "old-world pictures of his warbled prose"—the latter is in his prefatory sonnet to his "Rich dowered friend," Mr. Gosse—it is only a pity. But he goes beyond the rights of any editor when he advertises the verses of his poet like articles of grocery, heading "Read what is written on the painted cloth," in blatant letters, George Herbert's Temple Long Anticipated, and "To see the greyhound course," as Darwin-like Observations of Little Creatures.

The selection from Vaughan's secular poems owes its existence first to the commendable enthusiasm of the editor, and secondly to the fact that Grosart's unwieldy and inaccessible edition is the only complete one, Lyte's (the Aldine) unaccountably giving but his sacred poems. It would have been well if Mr. Tutin had not persuaded his clerical friends to give indifferent translations of Vaughan's Latin verses; otherwise we are only grateful to him for at least temporarily filling up a gap. The bibliography and notes are useful, and the volume does credit to its editor. If Vaughan was not a great poet, he wrote some great poetry. He is known best by his "Happy those angel days," and "They have all gone into the world of light," but these are not completely characteristic. Herbert, who is generally compared with him, had more aptness of expression, more knowledge of the commoner religious needs and aspirations. Vaughan had grander moments; and if he has not left behind him the "large kind light" he dreamed of, yet as we read him there are brilliant flashes all along the path. He has some of the burning fire of Blake. On his more morbid side, the neo-Christian French school have kinship with him. With nature he was particularly intimate; and he wove his love of her into his religion—"The first believer Did love to be a country liver."

This edition of the secular poems should be a suggestion to Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen to hasten the publication of their Vaughan volume in the "Muses Library." G-Y.

POLAND.*

Mr. Morfill is an authority in things Slavonic, and he has written a valuable, if not throughout readable guide to them so far as Poland is concerned. Polish history is not simple. It wants, for western people, much explanation, annotation, and illustration. Mr. Morfill has compressed a large amount of fact into this volume, and occasionally clearness and interest are the price paid for the compression. There is just a little too much of this kind of thing amid a wilderness of fact—"The siege teemed with picturesque and romantic incidents, but the enumeration would occupy too much space." He should have given himself wider boundaries for his comprehensive plan. For 'The Story of the Nations,' which I take it is meant to be the historical library of the general reader, the narrative might have been on broader lines. In this case the general reader is everyone but a few experts, for we all sympathize with Poland, but at the back of her partitions it is little we know of her history. However, the historian loiters by the way occasionally, and he has no lack of entertainment for us then. In some of the more leisurely parts of the book there are delightful pictures of old Polish life and manners. The reception of Horsey, Elizabeth's ambassador to Russia, on his way

* 'A Bower of Delights; being interwoven Verse and Prose from the works of Nicholas Breton: the weaver Alexander B. Grosart.' The Elizabethan Library. (Elliot Stock.)
'Secular Poems by Henry Vaughan, Silurist.' Edited by J. R. Tutin. (Tutin, Hull.)

* 'Poland.' By W. R. Morfill. 'The Story of the Nations. (Unwin.)

through Poland, by Anna Jagiellonka, Stephen Batory's Queen, is one of these:—"I putt on one of my mens livories, passed to her pallace, before the windows where of wear placed potts and ranckes of great carnacions, gelly-flowers, province-roses, swett lillies, and other swett herbs and strainge flowers, geavinge most fragrant swett smells. . . . Her Majesty sate under a white silke canopie, upon a great Turckye carpett, in a chaire of estate, a hard favored Quen." The Queen was candid as well as hard favoured, and declared that "Elizaveta is to blessed a name for such a scurge of the Catholicque Churche; her sisters name was Maria, a blessed saint in heaven." Horsey was a sturdy Protestant and loyalist, but he did not convince Anna. "Her Majesty called for a glas of Hungers wine, with two slices of chea' bread upon it. Willed the lord steward to give it to me, which I refused till her highness had taken it into her own handes to give it me; and so dismist." However, he was not done with the Queen, who sent to know how his "ruffes wear starched, handsomely made with silver wyer and starched in England."

Mr. Morfill in his determination to be impartial is too often frigid, and he is but a poor exponent of the strange, unfamiliar charm of Polish character and of certain manifestations of it in history. His denunciations of the Polish nobility have a clear ringing sound, but other matters that he has barely chronicled called for plain speaking too, not on the score of sentiment but as a matter of historical justice. In his chapters on literature, however, his enthusiasm breaks out, and he makes out a strong case for attention to the literature of a language still spoken by ten millions of people, and particularly adapted for poetry. The illustrations of Mickiewicz, Malczewski, and others are well rendered.

Mr. Morfill is very severe on the general ignorance of Poland and her language, and Campbell comes in for a large share of the indignation. "Though he talked a great deal about Polish authors and statesmen, his zeal does not seem to have carried him so far" as even to learn the number of syllables in Kosciuszko's name. Now since Mr. Morfill has pointed the way, Professors Malecki and Nehring will possibly find students in England among those who are ever eager for new outlets for linguistic energy.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

HISTORIC PERSONALITY. By F. S. Stevenson, M.P. (Macmillan.)

To have written a book is no longer a distinction, but there is still a distinguished way of doing it. You must first of all have nothing to do with Grub Street, and you must prove your disconnection by being either a bishop or a statesman, in which cases you must write neither of theology nor politics. And so it is really an elegant occupation for the leisure of a young Member of Parliament, tired of the everyday interests of the electors of Eye, to sit in a comfortable study and write about 'Historic Personality.' It is a most solemn and conscientious book, and most neatly arranged under the headings of History, Biography, Autobiography, Memoirs, Correspondence, Table-talk, Monumental Inscriptions, Portraits, Imaginative Literature, etc. His schoolmaster would approve his method. There are excellent things in the book, within quotation marks. The remainder to be credited to Mr. Stevenson are generally at least safe, *e.g.*, "The creative genius . . . is possessed in the highest degree by such poets as Sophocles, Dante, and Shakespeare." His critical faculty may be judged from the comparison between Pascal's 'Pensées,' La Rochefoucauld's 'Maxims,' and La Bruyère's 'Characters.' "In all three there is the same vigour of expression, the same terseness of style, the same interest in human nature." Mr. Stevenson's own style is diluted Johnsonese, but a phrase like "the bygone men of bygone ages" is probably modelled on no one else. He is most well informed, knows that Etruscan is very unintelligible, and that it really doesn't in the least matter about Shakespeare's blunder in speaking of the coast of Bohemia. His reading is very satisfactory, and naturally he is a little proud of it and the two hundred and fifty-six more or less famous names he mentions, generally *apropos de rien*, he jots down alphabetically in the index. After reading this treatise, however vague our notions may still be as to 'Historic Personality,' we feel certain about one fact connected with Mr. Stevenson's own personality. He will never come to a bad end.

SPANISH LITERATURE. By H. Butler Clarke. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

This book has really found a vacant niche to put itself into. Nothing of the kind existed before in English, and there was, and is, a very general and profound ignorance of the most ordinary facts of Spanish literature. It does not in the least set up to rival Ticknor. It is what it pretends to be, "An Elementary Handbook," and any other than an elementary student might possibly want to supplement its information and its criticism. It is a book for the beginner, who may take to it as soon as he can conjugate "ser," or even sooner. Its most original feature are the extracts—good, simple, and characteristic—from Spanish writers, with translations literal enough to be of use to the elementary student. Other handbooks might take note of this really serviceable feature. The reader will find at the end a guide to further study, in the shape of a capital list of Spanisb books—the principal editions are named—and of authorities on Spanish literature. Mr. Butler Clarke is an enthusiast about Spain and its language. But with what remarkable coolness he expresses himself about some of the masterpieces!

COLLECTION OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A. P. WATT by Various Writers. (London: Literary Agency.)

From the point of view of the man of letters this is the most cheerful book of the month. The writers of the letters are the most eminent in present day popular literature—Mr. Besant, "Q.," Dr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Clifford, Archdeacon Farrar, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Kipling, Dr. George Macdonald, etc., etc. And they one and all write to say they now live in peace and plenty—presumably, therefore, their books are better—since Mr. Watt took in hand to fight publishers for them. But the skirmishes with publishers must have been of an amicable nature, for they too express themselves satisfied with the arrangements, which is saying much. To struggling authors these Extracts from the Best Writers must be inspiriting. Their hopes will rise as they read in Mr. Haggard's letter, "I was hampered by a 'hanging agreement' to which, in my experience, I had been foolish enough to set my hand, that might well have brought me to something like ruin so far as my literary ventures were concerned. From this disastrous contract you contrived to free me by the exercise of an admirable tact." Archdeacon Farrar is of opinion he would "have saved thousands of pounds" had he known earlier of this Author's Friend. "All this," says Mrs. Clifford, cheerily, "will help us to live long and leisurely, and perhaps to grow rich." Mr. Christie Murray feelingly remarks how good a thing it is to have "nothing but one's work to do;" and Mr. Kipling, "You've only doubled my income." The letters are all hearty in tone, and form a most interesting, and indeed unique collection. The little book is an exquisite specimen of Messrs. Constable's printing.

SONGS OF FREEDOM. Selected and edited by H. S. Salt. Canterbury Poets. (W. Scott.)

The songs are selected from English and American writers only, so the 'Marseillaise' and 'Fratelli d'Italia,' and some other notable and inspiring strains need not be looked for. "Freedom" is used in a most comprehensive sense, for the collection includes Keats' "The Church-bells toll a melancholy sound," Emily Brontë's "Old Stoic," and Brough's "Lord Tomnoddy." There are many unfamiliar names in the book, the editor rightly holding that "a poem informed by the genuine passion which love of humanity calls forth is often in the truest sense a greater work, and more deserving of immortality, than many of the productions of misinformed, or indifferent, or purely 'academic' genius." So we have besides Burns and Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Campbell, and Walt Whitman, such lesser lights of literature, if not of freedom, as W. J. Linton, Sidney Olivier, Walter Crane, Edward Carpenter, and Wathen Mark Wilks Call. We wonder why "The Tree of Liberty" is not in the Burns' selection, and among Thomas Davis' songs, it is a pity that "The Death of Sarsfield," and "Oh, for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar," are among the omissions. But omissions there were bound to be; and the collection is an interesting one.

LEIGH HUNT. By Cosmo Monkhouse. 'Great Writers.' (W. Scott.)

Mr. Monkhouse has dotted the i's and crossed the t's of the Autobiography. But he has done more than merely render a little less vague passages in that delightful book. He has given a really well-compiled bibliography, and anyone desirous of studying the Cockney school seriously has now the path cut out for him. The memoir is written in a candid but friendly spirit. Mr. Monkhouse speaks plainly about the Prince Regent business, the Byron quarrel, and the Harold Skimpole incident, and the plain speaking is not all in defence of Hunt, whom he loves nevertheless, and of whom he gives us a very fair and life-like and sympathetic picture.

THE TRUMPETER. By J. V. Von Scheffel. Translated by Jessie Beck and Louise Lorimer. With Introduction by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)

Scheffel's 'Trumpeter von Säckingen' has reached two hundred editions, and yet this is the first time apparently it has appeared in English. 'Ekkehardt,' his historical novel, is popular with us, but the 'Trumpeter' had till now to be read in German. Every German schoolgirl knows it, and adores young Werner. Still its romance is of a sturdy, healthy nature, and a capacity for enjoying it survives far beyond bread and butter days. The translators have done capitally, using the best and, indeed, the only metre fit to interpret the flow and "go" of Scheffel's narrative—

> "Sweet and clear soared Werner's music
> Through the twilight to the castle,
> Craving entrance, as a ring dove,
> Swift returning to his mistress,
> At her fast-barred window-sashes," etc.

It is a simple, unaffected rendering, and it keeps a good deal of the glow and colour of the original.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S GOLDEN SAYINGS. Edited by John Dennis. (Innes.)

These golden sayings are for the most part not mere sayings detached from an important context. The passages, long or short, are generally long enough to express Taylor's whole thought at the moment. This is to the praise of the editor, who in other respects, too, deserves thanks for the evident pains he has taken with his little volume. To make it convenient he has, in each extract, given the reference to the chapter and section from which it is taken, and he has written a delightful introduction, which should win many modern readers to what Hazlitt called a divine pastoral. It is a pretty book, too, well printed and well bound.

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

THE RETURN OF THE O'MAHONY. By Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)

In this novel we are transported to a new world which is wrapped about by an atmosphere of saint-like forgiveness of injuries. The heir to an Irish estate is personated by an American ex-soldier for long and profitable years. The real heir, when he turns up, instead of exposing the Yankee as an old fraud, declares that he will "whip any man out of his boots" who says Tisdale is not the real O'Mahony of Muirix. The O'Daly, left in charge of estates and mining operations, fleeces the tenants, cooks accounts, and defrauds the landlord. But the magnanimous O'Mahony (the impostor) only politely says, "You can move into one of the smaller houses in a day or two, and just take things easy." Higgins, alias Linsky, whose past career had been neither valiant nor honourable, is comfortably provided for and entrusted with the agency that O'Daly vacated. In fact nearly all the personages have a prodigious capacity for virtuous development, and those who haven't are looked on as much too good fellows to be the objects of resentment. The O'Mahony is the most benevolent of souls. His fraud seems never to have mixed with his blood. But if Mr. Frederic is at fault in his psychology, he has an admirable understanding of the surface of men and things. He has caught the Yankee twang and the brogue. He has seen both the absurdity and the pathos of the decayed old-world corner of Ireland where the story plays, and between the lively sparkle and the geniality, we are left in a humour to laugh at any unsatisfied demands of probability or rigid justice.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN'S PICTURES, and Other Stories. By Nora Vynne. (Jarrold.)

GRIM TALES. By E. Nesbit. (Innes.)

"Remember, I would come back from death to serve her," said the impecunious and interesting guest of Miss May, in Miss Vynne's stories. "Alive or dead I mean to be married on Thursday," said the bold John Charrington to dispel the forebodings of his fiancée, in 'Grim Tales.' He was not alive on Thursday. Both men kept their ghastly promises, and the slight likeness in motive somehow groups the two books together. They are, however, very different. "John Charrington's Wedding" is really a "grim tale," and "Miss May's Guest" is only comic. In fact all E. Nesbit's tales are grim. They are of ghosts and witches, and very uncanny sights and sounds and happenings. As creepy tales they are altogether successful. Only too much so: they should have been scattered through several volumes, with woolly padding of common-place domestic interest in between. Miss Vynne's stories are much more varied and ambitious, and at least one, "An Unnoticed Incident," is full of promise. The others are given over too much to sentimentality, to a crude and childishly aggressive Bohemianism. They are raw. But when she has had time to digest her experiences, and learned to avoid the improbable—a fine field for fiction, but not Miss Vynne's—and to control her personages when they talk fifth-rate literary criticism, she has a future as a story-teller.

STROLLING PLAYERS. By C. M. Yonge and C. R. Coleridge. (Macmillan.)

Miss Yonge in the company of strolling players was a startling idea. One hastened to put the responsibility on Miss Coleridge. But on looking into the novel it was a relief to find that the players were no ordinary folks, but county people and church members. Sir Lewis Willingham and his aunt, two of the principal players, were in the habit of "acting [this not in its threatrical sense] up to sound religious principle, not going very deep," whatever that may mean. The family had had losses lately, they loved amateur theatricals, and were mostly of a sanguine temperament. So, with some friends, they formed an Old Comedy and Pastoral Play Company. Old Comedy was hit upon because "amateur audiences like it, we do it rather well, and our good-breeding tells in it," as one of them complacently remarks. Some of the members have great perturbations both of nerve and conscience, but the soothers and consolations are many—*e.g.*, "You know we can act at Primrose fêtes and do good in that way." The great enemy to the elderly Miss Anne's peace of mind is something called the G.F.S. with its Diocesan Council. Finally she gives way to these mysterious powers and to matrimony. Agnes, whose mind was set on parish work, is also released by a clerical marriage, from a most unsuitable profession; and Juliet, who takes to the stage seriously, is wedded to a promising young actor of so grave a cast of character that even curates looked frivolous by his side. The well-bred company dispersed. "For you see, my dear, it was a sort of thing that couldn't last," said a sensible maiden aunt. It is comforting to know that only one member deteriorated during the experiment, and he was not blue-blooded. Miss Yonge and Miss Coleridge can tell a story, of course, and this one is far from dull. But it perhaps goes beyond its intention, amounting as it does to a sweeping satire on the superficiality, the insolence, the poverty of mind and spirit that exist along side much that is amiable, and a good deal that is graceful, in respectable English society.

DOÑA LUZ. By Juan Valera. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. (Heinemann.)

Valera is one of the acknowledged masters of Spanish fiction. 'Pepita Jeminez' probably convinced many English readers that he was not ranked too high. 'Doña Luz' will cause doubt to enter some minds. It really is a poor novel made of excellent but somewhat scanty material. The incidents are few, the movement slow; but, indeed, there is

something imposing in the simplicity of the construction. It is a novel of character, though the character is subjected to no very subtle analysis. The personages are sketched with a broad, strong brush, the finer shading being left to be supplied by the reader. Doña Luz is the only one in whom he will feel keenly interested. This strong, self-reliant young woman stands out as a living and forceful reality even to English readers, to whom her type, with national modifications, of course, is familiar enough in latter day fiction. In her own country her individuality would stand out much more prominently.

A PAIR OF LOVERS. By Ida Lemon. (Smith and Elder.)

These tales were probably inspired by philanthropy in the first instance. The inmates of the miserable garrets, the costers, street artists and waifs, who are the heroes and heroines and victims, were evidently not looked on first of all as picturesque "copy," but with an eye full of human pity and interest and respect. But they are not mere records of "slumming." Their primary aim may have been to rouse feelings of sympathy and benevolence, to show the brighter, softer spots in the hearts and ideals of the London poor, but these motives do not stand in the way of the literary excellence of the stories. Their humour is very genuine and constant. There is an artistic sense of moderation throughout. The little volume might be weeded with advantage, but it is crowned with success, nevertheless, since it contains "Litt' La' Iza" and "A Condition of Marriage."

A CHRONICLE OF SMALL BEER. By John Reid. (Isbister.)

This is a puzzling book to give a final judgment about. At every alternate page you are inclined to dub it mawkish and imitative, and the next moment you take back the reproaches, for your sympathies have been stirred, and you recognize that the work is by no means common. The Chronicle is autobiographic in form, probably autobiographic to some extent in reality. Probably because boys are very unsentimental beings, their older selves are apt to make up for this by being especially sentimental in their recollections. And these experiences of a little Scotch lad, seen by the light of after years, seem fuller of sensibility than they perhaps were in reality. Little boys who do violence to wedding parties, try to rescue the bride and fight the bridegroom for her, are monstrosities luckily rare. Little boys who are heroes of chapters like "The Game of Glances" are apt to grow up insufferable. But "Daring a god"—the "religious tiger" was roused in the boys, and Mitchell led his mates against the idol, presumptuously sheltering in a Protestant stable, with "Yah, ye old god, ye! I *dare* you to blast me now!"—is excellent. So is "Dungeon Fever." If only this writer, whom we have not met before, will keep his pathos well in hand, he has so much humour that he may count on making his mark.

A LITTLE MINX. By Ada Cambridge. (Heinemann.)

TINY LUTTRELL. By E. W. Hornung. 3 vols. (Cassell.)

Australia is to the fore. Tiny Luttrell is a fascinating Australian in England, while "the little minx" goes from England to captivate Australia. She takes nearly every one by storm by her freshness and vitality and fearlessness, and the exceptions are, of course, her relentless enemies. She is not in the least made in quiet tones, and readers who are fascinated by her portrait would doubtless in real life have dubbed her a little minx, and a good many other things. Miss Cambridge's stories are growing distinctly better. Her touch is becoming surer, her eye keener for the humour of a situation. Mr. Hornung has for a heroine a very difficult young lady, and the struggle in her between desire for revenge and magnanimity, between position and rank on one side and all she really, at the bottom of her heart, cares for on the other, takes long to tell. The story has excellent points, but it hangs fire too often. At last, however, we learn to our satisfaction she will never marry Lord Manister, but will go back to Jack Swift and the bush, when in an English drawing-room we listen to her saying:—

"Can't you hear the blades clicking, and the tar-boys tearing down the board, and the bales being heaved about at the back of the shed—or see the fleeces thrown out on the table, and rolled up and bounced into the bins—and father drafting in a cloud of dust at the yards? Can't I! Many's the time I've brought him a mob of woollies myself. And how good the pannikin of tea was, and the shearer's bun!"

MONA MACLEAN, MEDICAL STUDENT. New Edition. (Blackwood.)

This is a clever story. Perhaps nowhere else are so compactly expressed the ideals and points of view, the enthusiasm and heroisms of the young women who are to-day knocking at the doors of the professions. They are as serious as their mothers, or rather as their aunts were, and rather more women of the world. It should upset a whole cargo of antiquated ideas about blue spectacles and blue stockings. What is not so well done is the picture of life in a Scotch village. The characters there are looked at, not straight in the eyes, but from a lofty height, and they are out of drawing. Would Miss Rachel have forbidden Mona to divulge the secret of her profession? She would have gloried in trumpeting abroad the distinction.

SALLY DOWS. By Bret Harte. (Chatto and Windus.)

Bret Harte has given us more exciting tales, tales to rouse our sympathies more, and in which it was possible to take an interest in a larger group of characters. Here there is but one character of any interest at all. To the exciting surroundings of this story we pay little heed. Our feelings are never over-taxed. Sally is the only thing in the book, and she is everything. Bret Harte never made quite so piquante a heroine. Her matter-of-factness, her mental abilities, her magnificent self-confidence, her barbarous tongue, are all miraculously distilled into a being so delicate and airy and sparkling as never was conceived by him before.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AEI PONEIN.—Very fair criticism. Correct but rather poverty-stricken English. I think the little review shows ability, but it also bears traces of the "hot haste," in which you say it was written. You draw an inference from a mistake in date on p. 1. These stories appeared in a periodical before the novel mentioned. Why should one necessarily be most concerned with the longest story in a volume? Your remarks about the plan of narrative in the first story are very sensible. Could there be "too much lazy serenity" in such stories? Not many would agree with the last paragraph.

A. E. S.—Auld Lang Syne has not geographical position. But these verses can hardly have been sent for serious criticism.

AGNES GILHAGIE.—I don't say it's improbable, though it sounds a little so. At all events it is interesting, and you have told it well. In your own narrative the grammar is just a little shaky. But as a whole the MS. is promising. A newspaper would be the thing to send to, if you want to give it a chance of being in print.

ALISON.—In many ways the story is much improved. The subject still strikes me as a very fine one. Altogether an original conception. The faults in style are still there. They are very elementary ones, for the most part, the commonest being the constant repetition of the same word. Your thought is all right, but it is very inadequately expressed. Your vocabulary is poor, and you have not much sense of rhythm in prose. Elasticity in style, which you want, you could probably gain by practice.

ANN HATHAWAY.—You might send the story to a magazine. It would stand a chance of acceptance. The conversations are a little dull, and there is an irritating number of "he said's" and "she said's." The story might be improved by showing more clearly what is its point. Is it the ineffectiveness of the artist, or the innocent conspiracy of the lady?

APEX.—There is some stuff in the verses, but your prose is much better. The lively qualities which your writing possesses are lost when it is trammelled by metre.

B. C. P.—It flows harmoniously, except for one mistaken rhyme in stanza 1, and the use of "decease," stanza 2. It does not show much original power, but it is as good as average verse of the kind.

B. B.—Very pretty indeed. It might have a chance of being read by a wider audience of girls. The sentiment is healthy. Perhaps it it had had a little more story it would have been more popular and better in every way. There are just a little too many "methinks" and "methoughts" and "meseems" in it.

BERTHA HOLMES.—Not very good. Neither the incident nor the characters are developed enough to rouse sufficient interest.

C. N.—The sketch does not lack interest, as you say. It is a little halting, and at one important point perhaps a little too imitative. You have not quite got inside your characters, judging from their conversation, and the story is raw. But it is distinctly promising, and there is every reason for you to take heart and go on.

CHRISTOPHERUS.—Distinctly good. But by itself, whether true to life or not, it seems like a cruel indictment. To prune or alter it, as you propose, might only spoil it. I should suggest that you make it one of a series of sketches of life in the neighbourhood you have in your mind. Some of them would be bound to represent other and more cheerful sides to the picture, and this one would then be seen in its true proportions.

DANESBURY.—Doubtless the paper served its purpose, and found new readers for your writer. But as a literary exercise it is poor, showing hardly an average power of expression or of criticism.

ELF.—The longer story is not framed on a good model. There is a little too much baby-talk. The incidents are a little too tame to interest an intelligent child. The shorter story is a much better bit of work, but children would find it rather pointless. Could you not give a little more of Ruth's history? A page or two of her life with her brother would make her a more interesting personage.

ELISE.—The epitaph is not an epitaph; the survivor plays a too important *role* in it. Lines 3, 4, 5, 6 are good; "If Wandering," etc., just a little mawkish. "Old Griefs," etc., fairly good. Subject very good; metre rather stumbling.

ETHELON.—Very extraordinary; and on the whole strikingly told. The end is the weakest. The language is occasionally a little stilted. You use "roof" instead of "ceiling." You might send this to a periodical, a weekly newspaper for instance.

ENIS.—Very good indeed for your age.

H. C. L.—A capital subject, but have you chosen the right form? Dialogues demand more skill and finer shading. To give the situation accurately, you have to make your personages a little long-winded. I would advise you to turn it into a story. I fear it would not be accepted in its present form. But there is promise in it.

HEATHER.—Pretty. Send it to a child's magazine.

I. RHOADES.—A good subject. Perhaps you could make more of it. Your treatment is a little meagre. There are other sources of information besides Walton, and you might deal with the Church in Herbert's day. In fact, it is almost necessary since you suggest comparisons, and make statements on this point which are not well enough supported. Try your hand at a little criticism too. As to the style, it needs improving. The second sentence, p. 1, is ambiguous; so is the use of "enormous," p. 7. I am sure the gentle Herbert did not play the lute in a "masterful" style. And don't moralise much. It is so difficult to do it well.

J. H. E.—I hope you may rise from reporting to writing on your own account. You have some gift of description. You seem to have observed a good deal on the night in question. But to learn to write well your course is very clear. Use all the simple words you know before bringing out an unusual one. Paragraph 1, for instance, is not grand as it is meant to be, but only pompous. And the fault runs throughout. "If he knew anything about the wreck" would be far better and more literary than, "If he knew anything relative to this most deplorable casuality." "Horrisonous" is vile. But I have no wish to discourage you. A little good reading would soon cure you of this fault.

J. B.—This is not a literary exercise, and cannot be judged as such. As it was to be read aloud to an audience you were probably right in making it very colloquial, in repeating many of the statements, and not far wrong in paying little attention to order, construction, or correctness of expression. Your enthusiasm must have been catching, and that was the best result. The appreciation of the poem which you show is the most promising thing about your paper. I cannot tell whether you can write or not, as here you have evidently made no attempt at style. Sometimes you are even wildly incoherent. Your voice or interpolations could alone have made some passages intelligible to the audience. "One of the influences of the Poem is assimilation. By that is meant the Poem has a tendency to make you something like itself, in spirit, style, etc. It is so particularly. That is easily explained." I take leave to doubt each of these statements, as well as to point out that they are bits from a disjointed conversation. Your abstract terms are throughout very vaguely used, *e.g.*, "influence" (you generally mean "effect"), "conception." Even in speaking let verbosity stop short of "Such a wish is not uncommon: it is common." It would be a useful exercise to rewrite the paper, since the subject interests you, in good, precise English, without repetitions.

JUVENIX.—A thoughtful paper, not very well written. Probably it was meant to be read as an address. In that case, the No's and Now's are justified. Paragraph 2, page 2, is terribly pompous. The Americans shouldn't be made responsible for the slang at top of p. 2. It is commonly used by English persons who wish to be funny at a small cost to their wit. In "matters of pure literary talent," you probably mean "literary expression." "Spell of fascination" is tautological. "Formed in a new mould of apathy" might be improved. The conclusion stated, or to be inferred, line 4 last page, is not justified by your previous statements and arguments.

LIEBCHEN.—In sentiment and everything else it is no doubt very proper for your age. But don't trouble about publication yet awhile. A year or two after this you'd be rather sorry to see it in print if it got as far. The quantity of your writing doesn't seem to trouble you, and that is a gift not to be despised. For the next few years you might concern yourself with quality. Read with deliberation, and don't write much.

MAC.—You might offer it to a country newspaper in your own neighbourhood. It has not literary merit, but as a faithful representation of a page of country life it is not without value. The description of the journey is on a much lower level than the rest.

M. G. C., Dublin.—Rather stiff and pompous. It shows want of practice in writing. You can "pace" but not "stroll" a verandah.

MINNETTE.—I fear your attempts at writing verse will end in disappointment. The samples you send are full of amiable thoughts, but they have not literary merit.

M. P. A.—The subject is good, but the treatment is so very very crude that I cannot give you much encouragement to go on writing.

P. W. S.—Not bad of its kind. But I don't advise you to continue this sort of thing. It is so very easy to do it passably well; it makes less demand on real knowledge, or imagination, or skill, than perhaps any other kind of writing; and it is generally very flabby. A story, or a criticism, or a description of man, beast, or thing, would be a far better literary exercise.

RAY DEENE.—There is promise in it. The storm verses are best. Verse 2 is poor. The change of metre is not successful. "Restrainlessly" is not a good word. But it is worth your while to go on.

SOLIENT VAUGHAN.—Go on with the wild tale. There is some promise in it. The writing is better than in the last MS. you sent. A sentence like the first always sounds weak, and is generally quite unnecessary. Omit it. A north country paper might take the story as a serial. Make it short, and don't exaggerate the brutality.

UNION.—No. I. is very unequal, some of the verses are mere doggrel, and others have a real ballad ring in them. No. II. is good, except for the first six verses, which are common-place. They are not all necessary. It is the best work of yours I have seen.

W. A. S.—Fairly amusing. You might let it take its chance in one of the great family of "Bits."

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADENEY, W. F.—Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, 7/6..Hodder & Stoughton
A'KEMPIS, T.—Valley of Lilies, 2/6 ..... Bryce
BARNES, W. E.—Canonical and Uncanonical Gospels, 3/6..Longmans
BLOMFIELD, A.—The Old Testament and the New Criticism ..Stock
[*A review of recent work of the 'New Criticism' and especially of the conclusions arrived at in Professor Driver's 'Literature of the Old Testament.*]
BOURDILLON, F. W.—Sursum Corda, 3/6 .....Unwin
CAIRNS, Principal.—Christ the Central Evidence, 2/6.....R.T.S.
CANNING, A. S. G.—Words on Existing Religions, 3/6 .....Allen
CHURTON, E.T.—Retreat Addresses, 3/6 .....Masters
COLLYER, R.—Things New and Old, 5/-.....S. Low
COX, J. C.—Six Meditations on the Gardens of Scripture, 5/-.... Low
DOWNES, R.P.—Pillars of our Faith, 4/- .....Hall
FIGGIS, J. B.—The Heavenly Secret of Daily Life, 1/6.....R.T.S.
GILBERT, J.—Nature, the Supernatural, &c. ....Hodder & Stoughton
HALL, N.—The Atonement, 2/- .....R.T.S.
HELLMAN, C.—A Metaphysical Octave.....Stock
[*These "Notes towards Theological Harmony" do not quite fulfil their purpose. The brief chapters succeed in raising fresh difficulties, but they will serve to suggest some fresh directions in which to inquire about the life and destiny of the spirit, and their condition after death.*]
HERRON, G. D.—The Call of the Cross, 1/6 .....Oliphant
The Larger Christ, 1/6 ..... "
KEEN, J. O.—The Emphasis of Belief, 2/6..Bible Christian Bookroom
[*There is an exultant tone of certainty in these statements regarding Christian doctrine which is of interest if only from its present-day rarity. It is addressed mainly to Bible Christians, and appeals to preachers not to set up as critics but to feed faith.*]
KNIGHT, W.—Philosophy of the Beautiful, Pt. II., 3/6 ..... Murray
LIAS, J. J.—Principles of Biblical Criticism, 3/6 Eyre & Spottiswoode
LIDDON, H. P.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 14/-....Longmans
MAGEE, The late Archbishop.—Growth in Grace, 3/6.....Isbister
[*These vigorous and eloquent sermons, which have never been published before, are prefaced by a testimony by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the great powers of the Churchman, who "had the trust of the laity, the spirits and aims of a statesman, and who kept for the Church the flavour of his powers."*]
MILLER, J. R.—The Everyday of Life, 3/6.....Hodder & Stoughton
MOMERIE, A. W.—The Religion of the Future, 3/6 .....Blackwood
MOULE, H. C. G.—Jesus and the Resurrection..... Seeley
[*Expository Studies on St. John xx. and xxi., addressed mainly to young Bible students. Their temper is devotional rather than critical.*]
ORR, J.—The Christian View of God, 10/6.....A. Elliott
OWEN, J.—Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance, 10/6 ....Sonnenschein
RYLEY, C. B.—Barnabas, or, the Great Renunciation, 1/6....R.T.S.
SOLLEY, A. J.—The Synoptic Problem, 3/-.....Macmillan
SPURGEON, C. H.—Gospel of the Kingdom, 6/- .....Passmore
[*Mr. Spurgeon's latest work. A characteristically fresh and racy commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew.*]
TALBOT, Rev. R. T.—Our Bible, How It has come to us, 1/6..Isbister
[*A popular account of the Bible before and after the invention of printing, of the various translations, translators, and of the Canon of the Scriptures. It is meant for those "who have more desire to know than leisure to read," and it fulfils its aims admirably.*]

THOROLD, A. W.—Gospel of Work, 3/6 .....S. Low
THORNE, H.—Bible Reading in the Gospel of St. John, 2/-..Partridge
TUMMAN, Rev. J.—A Review of a Work upon the Apostolical Epistles by P. N. Shuttleworth .....S. Marshall
[*The modest little brochure is an eulogy of Dr. Shuttleworth, and a praiseworthy attempt to prove that the doctrines now separating the Protestant communities have no real foundation in Scripture.*]
WHYTE, A., D.D.—Bunyan Characters, 2/6
Oliphant, Anderson, Ferrier
[*Lectures delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. They are full of fine analysis and observation of character, and were written and delivered with a view to expounding Bunyan for present-day needs.*]
WILSON, G. R.—Higher Criticisms of the Hexateuch, 10/6
T. & T. Clark

NEW EDITIONS.

Phaedrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato, The, Transl. by J. Wright, "Golden Treasury," 2/6 .....Macmillan
[*A charming selection in a graceful rendering, as a good many friends of the "Golden Treasury" Series already know.*]

FICTION.

ADDERLEY, J.—Stephen Remarx, 3/6 ..... E. Arnold
ARNOLD, J. E.—Claude Prescott, 6/- ....Digby & Long
[*The tale of a young artist's career from farmer work through struggles and calumnies to the dignity of R.A. It is very unexceptionable in its tone, but hardly lively.*]
BETHAM, G. K.—Story of a Dacoit, 6/- .....Allen
BODRUTHAN, A.—Weird, an Ower True Tale, 1/- .....Digby & Long
[*A gruesome ghost story.*]
BOWER, M.—Paynton Jack, Gentleman, 6/- ..... Unwin
[*An able book. The character of Paynton, the self-confident, conquering young Englishman, whose cheery determination is more than a match for the disadvantages of his lowl y origin, is very cleverly drawn.*]
BRANNT, W. T.—A Polish Conspiracy, 6/- .....S. Low
CAMBRIDGE, A.—A Little Minx, 3/6 .....Heinemann
[*See p.* 59.]
CLIFFORD, Mrs. W. K.—A Wild Proxy.....Hutchinson
COOPER, Mrs.—Halstone Priory, 1/6.....R.T.S.
CROCKETT, S. R.—Stickit Minister, etc., 5/- .....Unwin
DANCER, W.—The Vicar of Ellismond, 3/6 .....Digby & Long
[*The story introduces its readers to many varieties of life, both respectable and criminal. The vicar is a villain, and a very sanctimonious one too, and does not get his deserts, unfortunately, which will be a disappointment to those whose patience holds out to the end of a careful, conscientious, but rather long-winded story.*]
DE WINTON, W. H.—The Forbidden Sacrifice, 3 vols,
Hurst & Blackett
DOUGLAS, M. J.—For Mrs. Grundy's Sake, 6/- .....Digby & Long
ELLIOTT, E.—Netta, 6/-.....Digby & Long
England's Downfall, or the Last Great Revolution. By an ex-Revolutionist, 1/-.....Digby & Long
[*The scene is laid in the future. The story contains an awful warning against socialism and kindred evils. Terrible things happen to England, but at least, it is consoling to know, royalty finds a refuge in the colonies. "I need not remind you that the present King of Canada is the great-grandson of the late Queen, and his brother, Albertus, is the present King of Australia and its dependencies."*]
FARJEON, B. L.—Duchess of Rosemary-lane, 2/- ..... White
FARJEON, B. L.—Something Occurred, 6/- .....Routledge
FITZROY, J.—Was He the Other? 3/6 .....Unwin
[*The story of the inconveniences and complications arising from having a double. It is a poor story, and not over refined.*]
FREDERIC, H.—The Return of the O'Mahony, 3/6.....Heinemann
[*See page* 58.]
HARTE, B.—Sally Dows, 3/6 .....Chatto & Windus
[*See p.* 59.]
HERMAN, E.—Son, Remember! 2/6.....Skeffington
HOCKING, J.—The Story of Andrew Fairfax .....Ward & Lock
[*A very wholesome story. The cruelly-treated young man makes his way through adversity to success in literature, and those who have conducted themselves cruelly towards him go to the bad or are reduced to poverty. The story is brightly told.*]
HORNUNG, E. W.—Tiny Luttrell, 2 vols, 21/-.....Cassell
[*See p.* 59.]
HOWELLS, W. D.—The World of Chance, 6/- .....Douglas
HOWORTH, H. H.—Glacial Nightmare, 2 vols., 30/- .....S. Low
HUME, F.—Harlequin Opal, 3 vols., 31/6.....W. H. Allen
JAMES, H.—The Real Thing, and Other Tales, 6/-.....Macmillan
JOCELYN, R.—A Big Stake, 2/6 ..... White
KENEALY, A.—Dr. Janet of Harley Street, 6/- .....Digby & Long
[*Dr. Janet is a strong and sympathetic character, with so powerful a will that she successfully persuades an old roué to commit suicide for the convenience of better people. The story is unconventional and vigorous.*]
KETTLE, R. M.—Rose, Shamrock, etc., 6/-.....Unwin
LAW, C.—Pierce Moran, 3/6 .....Digby & Long
[*A dark story of demoniac power and fascination. It is rather heavy reading, but not unpromising as a first attempt.*]
LAWSON, J. K.—Euphie Lyn, 1/6 .....Oliphant
LEMON, I.—A Pair of Lovers, 4/6 .....Smith & Elder
[*See p.* 59.]
LEVETT-YEATS, S.—The Widow Lamport. India Railway Library, 1/-
Scott
[*A tale of some shady and sordid sides of Anglo-Indian life told with considerable vigour.*]
MEADE, L. T.—Gill, A Flower-Girl, 2/6.....Isbister
[*A charming little story of the life of the London poor, with some whiffs from Kentish gardens. The moralising that characterises this kind of fiction as a rule is markedly and fortunately absent.*]
MEDLICOTT, C.—The Ladies of Langley Court, 1/- ....Digby & Long
[*A very readable little melodramatic romance. But readers should be warned that there is a little less of melodrama in it than the picture on the cover would seem to indicate.*]
NISBET, H.—The Queen's Desire, 3/6.....F. V. White
POE, E. A.—Tales of Mystery, 3d. and 6d.....S. Low
[*The "Manchester Library" is wonderful. In it you can have Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' and Carlyle's 'Past and Present, Thackeray's 'Book of Snobs,' and other classics for 3d. And the printing is by no means bad. Poe's 'Tales of Mystery,' or some of them at least, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," etc., have been added to a series which is something of a mystery—but a cheerful mystery—in itself.*]
POWER, V. O. D.—Secret of the Past, 3 vols, 31/6..Ward & Downey
REES, J. H.—Beauty and the Witch.....Digby & Long
[*The heroine is "one of Cambria's most beautiful and high-souled daughters." Her story is rather an original one, and might have had a fair chance as a romance had the writer had the self-control to repress the torrents of commonplace moralising that flow from his pen.*]
REID, J.—A Chronicle of Small Beer, 5/-.....Isbister
[*See page* 59.]
SADLIER, A. T.—Monk's Pardon, 3/6 .....D. Gill
SAVAGE, R. H.—Masked Venus, 2/- .....Routledge.
SERJEANT, A.—A Broken Idol, 3 vols., 31/6.....Hurst & Blackett
STEVENSON, R. L.—Island Nights' Entertainments, 6/-.....Cassell
VALERA, J.—Doña Luz. Translated by M. J. Serrano, 2/6
[*See page* 58.] Heinemann
VYNNE, N.—Blind Artists' Pictures, 2/6 .....Jarrold
[*See p.* 58.]
WARREN, A.—Graybridge Hall, 6/- .....Skeffington
WICKS, F.—The Veiled Hand, 3/6 .....Remington
YONGE, C. M.—Strolling Players, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 58].

NEW EDITIONS.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—The Snare of the Fowler, 6/- .....Cassell
[*A very sightly edition in one volume of Mrs. Alexander's clever novel.*]
BLACK, W.—Adventures in Thule, 2/6 .....S. Low
[*These three stories, 'Adventures in Thule,' 'The Four MacNicols,' 'The Black Bothy,' were written for boys, but, as on their first appearance, they will find other readers among those who like to voyage to the Highlands and Islands with Mr. Black as guide.*]
HETHERINGTON, H. F., and BURTON, H. D.—No Compromise, 3/6
Griffith & Farran
[*A novel with a purpose—to show the dangers of secularising education and to drill Church members in the attitude they should take with regard to Board Schools. Apart from its propagandist purpose, the story and characters are fairly interesting.*]
REID, T. WEMYSS.—Gladys Fane, 1/6 .....Unwin
[*This is the first of Unwin's Novel Series. The volumes may be introduced into all European countries and British colonies. They are of convenient size and shape, with a portrait of the heroine on the cover.*]
RUSSELL, W. C.—The Golden Hope, 3/6 .....Griffith & Farran
[*This is a good sea story, but the loss of memory trick has been played just too often by Mr. Clark Russell, and becomes a trifle monotonous.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BELL, C. D.—Poems, Old and New, 7/6 .....Arnold
BLIND, M.—Songs and Sonnets, 5/- .....Chatto
BRETON, N.—A Bower of Delights, 3/6.....E. Stock
[*See p.* 56.]
BROWN, B. E.—Old John, and other Poems, 6/- ..... Macmillan
Coleridge's Poems, edited by J. D. Campbell, 7/6 .....Macmillan
Dante's Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes by the Way, 7/6.....E. Stock
Divers Dialogues, by U. and I. ..... Hunter, Edinburgh
[*The dialogues are mild satires on present-day manners and tendencies. They are not very witty, but they are equal to making a good-natured audience laugh in a drawing-room.*]
DRAYTON, M.—Bataille of Agincourt, 15/- .....Whittingham
DRYDEN, JOHN, The Poetical Works of, "Albion Edition" .. Warne
[*A very good popular edition of Dryden, containing some notes and a memoir. The type, if small, is very clear.*]
FLETCHER, J. S.—Poems chiefly against Pessimism, 3/6
Ward & Downey
FULFORD, J.—A Look Round, and other Poems.....E. Stock
["*A Look Round*" *is a survey of contemporary literature, not very hopeful. The other verses are neither very good nor very bad, but they have a serious purpose, and are not mere imitations. In "At Bay" the writer seems to count failure as almost betokening great powers—"To fail suits such as I."*]
GRACEY, H. K.—Rhyming Legends of Ind, 6/-.....Thacker
KEENE, C. H.—Euripides Electra, 10/6.....Bell
KING, M. E.—My Book of Songs and Sonnets.....Percival
[*In Miss Egerton King's verse there is evidence of poetical feeling and of large and humane views of life. The little volume is worth looking into. It is also charmingly bound.*]
LAWRENCE, J. T.—Dictionary of Musical Biography, 3/- ....Simpkin
MACDONALD, G., The Poetical Works of, 2 vols.....Chatto
MACKENZIE, W. A.—Poems ..... Johnston
[*These poems are generally dark, gloomy, sometimes—e.g., ANAΓKH Byronic in tone. The darkness is relieved by occasional sunbeams from Faerie. The writer has a distinct sense of form, and the little volume is promising.*]
RAWLINSON, Sir R.—Verses, 3/6.....S. Hogg
[*The thought in verse of a "Civil Engineer and Sanitary Commissioner, C.B., 1804; Knight Bachelor, 1885; K.C.B., 1889"—see title-page—on Creation, The Ocean, and Love raise expectations. On reading them we find them to be very proper to a "Civil Engineer," etc., etc. But a "Knight Bachelor," whatever that may be, should know better than to make fun of Tennyson's Mariana, describing that romantic lady when she is evidently too hot.*]
RENTON, W.—Songs, 6/- .....Unwin
SCHEFFEL, J. V. V.—The Trumpeter, 3/6 .....Blackwood
[*See p.* 58.]
Schiller's William Tell, translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Major-Gen. Patrick Maxwell, 'Scott Library,' 1/6 ..Scott
[*In spite of his lucidity, Schiller is difficult to translate. This translation is, at least, creditable, and in some passages spirited. A reader who had never seen the play in the original could certainly understand something of its power from Major Maxwell's version. The introduction, dealing mainly with Schiller's preparations for this drama,*

and the sources he drew from, is interesting. The notes will be found useful by those reading this version side by side with the original.]

TABLEY DE, Lord.—Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical.....E. Mathews
[*See p.* 54.]

WATSON, W.—The Eloping Angels, 3/6.....E. Mathews
[*See p.* 52]

NEW EDITIONS.

WATSON, W.—The Prince's Quest, 4/6 ..... Mathews & Lane
[*See p.* 52.]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

AMAND, J. de S.—The Duchess of Berry, 5/- .....Hutchinson

Biographies of Eminent Persons, Reprinted from the *Times*, 3/6 Macmillan

[*Vol. IV. brings the biographies down to* 1890. *It includes lives of Matthew Arnold, Browning, Sir Henry Maine, Cardinal Newman, Sir Richard Burton, John Bright, Dr. Dollinger, Jefferson Davis, amongst others.*]

CAMPBELL, G.—Memoirs of my Indian Career, 2 vols., 21/-..Macmillan

CLARKE, H. B.—Spanish Literature, 6/- ..... Sonnenschein
[*See p.* 57.]

CLAYDEN, P. W.—England under the Coalition: Supplementary Chapter and Index. 1/6.....Unwin

[*This addition adds greatly to the completeness and usefulness of Mr. Clayden's book. The supplementary chapter deals with the late general election and its results, and the index was, of course, necessary to make Mr. Clayden's volume what it now is, a convenient reference book for recent politics.*]

COMPAYRE, G.—Abelard, and the Origin of a University, 5/- Heinemann

DENISON, G. A.—Supplement to Notes of my Life, 7/6.....Parker

DIXON, M.—Chronicles of Christopher Columbus, 6/-.....Putnams

FIELDING, Rev. G. H.—Memories of Malling and its Valley, 7/6 Marlborough

[*It is a pity books like this one are not more common. It tells the history of a parish and the surrounding district, gives local proverbs, and a flora and fauna of Kent. It is of distinct interest even to those who are neither Kentish men nor men of Kent. Fewer old customs, species, sayings would die out unrecorded if the local antiquary or naturalist, and there is always one in every parish, were to take the trouble to set down his observations and researches in this simple fashion.*]

FROST, J.—History and Topography of County Clare, 11/- Williams & Norgate

HARRISON, F.—Annals of Sutton Place, Guildford, 42/-..Macmillan

HEINE, H., Family Life of, 12/6 ..... Heinemann

HENDERSON, A.—Palestine: Its Historical Geography T. & T. Clark

[*This book is the result of a great deal of research and of close observation of the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund. It has been brought up to date in this second edition. Both students in Bible classes and travellers to Palestine will find it of real service.*]

JERROLD, W.—W. E. Gladstone, England's Great Commoner, 1/6 Partridge

[*An illustrated biography, written for popular use.*]

KNIGHT, E. F.—Where Three Empires Meet, 18/-.....Longmans

LEGGE, A. O.—Sunny Manitoba, 7/6.....Unwin

LEGOUVE, M. E.—Sixty Years of Recollections, 2 vols., 18/- Remington

MICHEL, E.—Rembrandt: his Life, 2 vols., 21/-; Edition de Luxe, 42/- .....Heinemann

MOGGRIDGE, E. H.—Among the French Folk. 1/6.....R.T.S.

MONKHOUSE, C.—Leigh Hunt, 1/6 ..... W. Scott
[*See p.* 58.]

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HULL.

Trade at a standstill, owing to the great Dockers' Strike.

IPSWICH.

The Rev. F. B. Zincke has just issued a second and enlarged edition of his interesting privately-printed book, 'Some Materials for the History of Wherstead, Suffolk.' The publishers are Read and Barrett, Ipswich; and Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

Mr. John Glyde, bookseller, stationer, etc., has retired from business. He is the author of several books of local interest, the most important being 'Old Ipswich,' a 4to illustrated volume dealing with the antiquities of the town.

EDINBURGH.

There was an interesting collection of autograph letters sold in Dowell's rooms April 20th, formed by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., including a fine collection of Sir W. Scott, Dr. R. Chambers, Maidment, etc.

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